Every Week

January 10, 1916

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A New Year Starts

BRUCE BARTON, Editor

A NEW YEAR starts.

Why, sir, are you earning the very same salary you earned a year ago?

Why, madam, are you content to let him go on year after year without financial progress? Successful men say that their wives double their incomes: what have you done this past year to stimulate your husband?

Perhaps you two belong to the class who "do not believe in New Year's resolutions." If so, get out of that class.

The most successful business man we know makes the same three resolutions on January first of every year. Every other young man who means to grow instead of stagnate ought to adopt these three resolutions as his own:

First: I will have at least one new idea a week: I will keep my mind actively searching for ideas.

Do ideas pay? W. B. Leeds, when he was a subordinate in the Pennsylvania Railroad offices, got the idea that the tin mines of Indiana could be made to produce tin as cheaply as the tin mines of Wales. That idea made him the tin-plate king of America. How long since you have had a real idea?

Second: I will devise some way in the job I now hold to save my employer money this year.

Andrew Carnegie offered a bonus to the young men in his employ who could discover means to save him money. To-day "Carnegie's boys" are millionaires.

Third: I will give myself some definite training in the evenings this year to equip me for a more profitable position.

Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Cardinal Wolsey was a butcher's clerk; John Wanamaker started in business at $1.25 a week; Carnegie started at $3; Abraham Lincoln took the job of postmaster so that he could read the newspapers that passed through his hands; Thurlow Weed walked two miles in the snow, with rags around his feet, to borrow books.

There is no man in the United States who can not make progress in business this year if he is determined to make progress. But Heaven itself can not promote the man who is content to drift.

"Men talk of victory as of something fortunate," said Emerson. "Work is victory: wherever work is done, victory is obtained. There is no chance, and no blanks."

Are you going to be further ahead at the beginning of next year than you are to-day?

Madam, what are you going to do to help him?

If you are a young man who is really trying for a better place in the world, why not write me a personal sort of letter at my New York office, 95 Madison Avenue? It's possible I can make some suggestions about your reading and study that may be helpful.

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Schwab—the Man Who Came Back

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE "come-back" game is about the hardest there is. The copy books used to tell about pulling victory out of defeat, but we don't hear much about it nowadays. Now and then an inconspicuous individual is able to pull himself together and make a new start. But for a prominent man, one of international reputation, to start all over again, to do the trick a second time, is almost unheard of.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel-maker, is the greatest example in modern industry of a man who came back. He was a brilliant success as a man of thirty, a phenomenal, meteoric success. He was accorded special honors by King Edward and Emperor Franz Joseph. Then came the slump; and, relatively speaking, he went down and out. More than ten years of grinding, hard work followed, and today? To-day Schwab is the greatest industrial figure in the whole world, and he is only fifty-three years old.

There are so many fascinating chapters in this man's life that those who read it never know whether to start at the beginning or the end. But his early career was a lot more dazzling than his steady, unrestful process of breaking loose from the Down and Out Club. People don't help a man much or take much interest in his rise until he gets there.

Charles M. Schwab is president, directing genius, and largest stockholder in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which has had the largest military orders (except possibly those for explosives) of any concern in this country. But only a little more than a year ago its stock was selling around Wall Street without a bid, and for nearly ten years before that you could hardly find any one even to kick it. The mere mention of Schwab made most people smile.

"Sure," they would say. "He was the young man who was the first president of the Steel Trust, prosperity went to his head, and J. P. Morgan kicked him out. He has a little company of his own now, but I guess the United States Steel Corporation won't do any worrying."

But no one can remember any longer how he used to laugh at Schwab. The former scoffer only wishes he had bought some of his stock when it was selling at 15 or 20, so he could have sold it out at 600. On reliable authority it is said that Schwab was recently offered $50,000,000 for his stock, with the privilege of managing the company for ten years longer.

Schwab was made president of the United States Steel Corporation when he was only thirty-nine years old. The year before, as president of the Carnegie Steel Company, his share in the profits was $1,300,000. At thirty he was superintendent of both the Edgar Thompson and the Homestead steel works, said to be the only instance in which Andrew Carnegie ever permitted one man to operate two of his plants.

Some one once said that Schwab had risen step by step; but there never were such steps before or since. When he was nineteen years old Schwab was clerking at five dollars a week in a grocery store at Braddock, Pennsylvania. One day Captain W. R. Jones, superintendent of the steel works, walked in. The young clerk asked him for a job.

"Can you drive spikes?" asked Captain Jones.

"I can drive anything," said Schwab.

In six months he was chief of the engineering corps for which he had driven stakes, and a few months later became a superintendent. Schwab moved up so fast that it was enough to turn his head. He was the first to suggest the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. He was scarcely more than thirty-five when seventy or eighty of the leading old-time bankers and merchants of New York City gave him a dinner at the University Club. Schwab had never seen a university; but he was the only speaker, and he talked for an hour.

"I was very much flattered and honored at that dinner," said he years later, in describing the incident. "Mr. J. P. Morgan sat next to me on my right and Mr. Simmons (at that time the leading bank president in New York) sat on my left. Mr. Harriman, Governor Levi P. Morton, Mr. Carnegie, and other distinguished men were there."

Morgan and the rest of the financiers formed the billion-dollar Steel Trust. They made young Schwab president and gave him $28,000,000 of stock. Schwab felt pretty good. His salary was to be about $1,000,000 a year. There seemed no further worlds to conquer. He was the peer of Morgan and all the country's greatest financiers. Had he not set the great Homestead works going after the astute, silent Frick had defeated the workmen on a five months' battlefield—the Waterloo of organized labor? Had he not developed the armor-plate business to its immensely profitable basis?

So Schwab, full of youth and vitality, tasting life at its full, set out for Europe. It was a triumphal march. He was received by the Austrian Emperor, and breakfasted with Prince Metternich. He was received by King Edward, and in Italy attracted more attention than King or Pope. Then the correspondents got busy and sent over exaggerated stories about his play at Monte Carlo. He was called the "mad American." He chartered special trains and boats, and suites at a hundred dollars a day.

Schwab never played for as high stakes at Monte Carlo as the newspapers represented. But the damage had been done, and he received eighty cablegrams in one day from stockholders and others remonstrating with him. He came home and suffered a nervous breakdown.

A year or two earlier Schwab had bought outright with his own money the Bethlehem Steel Company at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It was not a large concern, but it had made a specialty of armor-plate. No one paid much attention to Schwab's purchase, although Morgan and other directors of the Steel Trust did not like the idea of its president owning a rival company.

"Your time," he was told, "belongs to the Steel Corporation, and you'll have to give this thing up."

Schwab looked around for a purchaser, and found some amateur promoters who wanted to organize a shipbuilding trust. He told them the Bethlehem was just what they wanted for their trust—a strong, rich steel plant, with which they could manufacture armor-plate and build battleships complete in their own shipyards. The promoters jumped at the chance and paid Schwab an enormous price. But they did not know how to organize a trust or operate one, and it failed.

There was a terrific tangle. Schwab got back his Bethlehem Company intact, but only after a long investigation which disclosed many of the methods of high finance and left a bad impression on the public. J. P. Morgan became involved through Schwab, and the relations between the two men did not improve.

At about the same time the public began to lose confidence in the stock of the United States Steel Corporation. It had been floated at a high price, but it fell to nearly 38 a share. That was in March, 1903. The next month Schwab resigned as president of the Steel Trust.

"I have retired from active business on account of my health," he told the reporters. "I propose to devote my whole attention to regaining my strength.

and won't take any position until it is restored."

Right there and then Wall Street buried Charles M. Schwab. He had taken the big slide down and out. Next!

Schwab is quick to see, quick to decide. He thinks and acts like chain lightning. Nothing daunts him. One who knows him says that if Schwab were asked to reorganize Russia or merge the South American republics, he would cheerily respond:

"Yes, that's a good idea; I'll attend to it next week."

This man simply refused to stay down. Nothing much was heard of him for a year or so after he "resigned" from the Steel Trust. He was recuperating, getting back his health. He had previously built a gorgeous, expensive, flashy mansion on Riverside Drive, New York City. That mansion was closed and has been kept closed. It was announced that he would move to South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the works are. And he did, about ten years ago. From a mansion in the greatest city, to a little out-of-the-way Pennsylvania town!

For something more than ten years Schwab had done nothing but work. Not long ago he talked to the Easton Board of Trade. He told them that practically all the money he had was in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and that he had never taken out a penny in personal fees, expenses, or dividends.

He owned most of the stock, but he refused to pay dividends. He paid large wages and enormous bonuses to the young men who helped him. If he heard of a big contract in Russia or Chile or anywhere else, he went for it himself. Slowly he extended the small concern's operations until it became a big corporation. He did not borrow much money, because there were no dividends to pay and the company could use its earnings to expand. Gradually other steel and shipbuilding plants were bought in, without excitement or stock-market exploitation.

Few people in Wall Street noticed what Schwab was doing. He said nothing—merely worked like a slave year after year. He let the stock market alone. He did not care what the stock was selling at, as long as he could build new furnaces and land new contracts. Two or three years ago people began to notice that Schwab was earning almost as much with his "little" company as he had with the Carnegie Steel Company years before. But even then, cynical Wall Street would not believe what it saw. It just refused to look at the figures, because Schwab had had his day. Men never come back—of course not.

When the war started, Schwab went straight to Lord Kitchener. He spent a week or more with the War Secretary, and came back to America with the biggest war order the world had ever known. Now every steel-mill owner and promoter wants to sell out to Schwab.

There is such a thing as coming back.

Her Trial Marriage

By GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

Author of "The Girl Who Was Afraid to Get Married"

Illustrations by Frank Tenney Johnson

THE man on the bed lay with eyes closed, his great arms flung up on the pillow above his head, a locked circle for framing that grim countenance of his. He had not slept at all; now dawn was whitening outside the windows.

Nearly a year before, Lund had swept Alyson Innis from her Eastern setting, bringing her to this wild, mountain-rimmed nest where his mine was, on the much-bound Pacific coast below Carmel, below Monterey, caring no whit what ties or obligations he took her away from. Among the symbols of those obligations, the name of Stanley Wace led all the rest—old Burian Wace's son, a boy with whom Alyson had gone to the same kindergarten in Philadelphia, and played at sweethearts.

Nothing counted—even the obstacles met in Alyson herself. Being a cave man, Kortney Lund was inevitably fascinated by the most modern type of girl—which is also the most ancient: dark, mysterious, elusive. And he had let her talk Strindberg, Sudermann, Tolstoy, Meredith, and vapor to him about a twelve-month then marriage. He would have offered no resistance to any heresy, however monstrous, that did not keep her from his arms. Once there, he would hold fast his own. He never answered her—instead he married her.

The bungalow was built in a wonderful spot, a little fold in the hills fronting the blue water and the blue sky, with a brush-covered, almost impassable barrier. A single road led to their isolation, dallying down the coast, lightly skirting miles of cliff below which the surf was loud on sharp-toothed black rocks.

With water and power from the stream at the mine he had given their home the equipment of a city flat, and had put old Tang Foo in the kitchen to make sinful use of the miracles in his marvelous cooking.

They were shut away together there through the enchanted growing weeks of spring; the months of blazing sun, tranced sky and sea, dim days of fog; the long dry season, with its pungent odors, tingling heat, and dusty trails; and through the winter storms that bellowed on the coast.

HAD this year shown Alyson that love like theirs was not for a day or a twelve-month, but for all time? He did not bring up the question—that had never been his way. He would act. It was his course of action that had brought him to a sleepless night. For the Goth was at his gates; the Vandal hammered on his temple door. The year was up—the "other man" had arrived as a house guest!

Conscious of late of a definite nervous tremor beneath Alyson's calm, seeing her easily wearied, her speech with no edge, her silence holding an alien quality, noting that she had taken up the ominous practice of long, lonely walks, Lund had communed with himself, and brought forth the suggestion that she break the monotony by a trip to town.

"With you?" There was a flicker of interest in her eyes.

"Well, no, honey," he had hesitated. "I couldn't leave just now. I'm working double tides to get the mine in such shape that I'll be free at the end of the year."

The phrase was routine business; but Alyson looked at him as if she expected him to say more—to explain. Instead he modified his proposition by adding:

"If you don't care for going up to town, why not have some one here to visit you?"

She surveyed him with a gaze unreadable, studying him from behind a mysterious feminine barrier.

"Well," slowly and reasonably, "since you suggest it—Stanley Wace is on the coast, painting. Perhaps he would like—the scenery down here. Shall I ask him?"

It was a challenge; and Lund had never, since he was breeched, skulked one.

"Sure," he said heartily. "Have him down, if you like."

SO the Philadelphian had come. Lund saw him for the first time with alert interest, and found him rather a magnificent creature, correct in the technique of civilization, lavishing his immaculate flannels and white tennis shoes on the Californian dust. His nickname for Alyson—"Lys"—irritated Lund. He sketched because Alyson made him, and before the week was out had shown himself a dub at everything he did. He painted badly, rode no better, sang and played upon several instruments with deadly mediocrity, had a child's idea of practical affairs, and a bad temper. In their long desultory talks he and his hostess discussed a world to which Lund was an outsider. But with this Lund found no fault. At such times he betook him to a pipe and his technical magazines, and neither watched nor refrained from watching them.

Lying there on his bed, Lund tried hard for a moment to understand what it was that went on beneath the surface of things yesterday evening, as Wace and Alyson talked jokingly about a proposed picnic to a little hut on the mountain opposite the ranch. This sickly joke was worked overtime, nursed along all evening, fed at the dinner-table, and Alyson and Wace were still whispering and nodding together when he left them at twelve o'clock and came upstairs to bed.

They were not so long after him; yet—that silence when they parted at the stair-head had shouted things intolerable. Then Wace went on to the sleeping-porch. Alyson entered the chamber that adjoined his own; and directly came the soft rasp of a key in the door between their rooms. It was like a hypodermic of infernal fire shot into his veins. He had stared in the dark toward those panels till the dawning light showed them to him.

As he looked the lock clicked, the knob was softly turned, the door inched a bit open, and Alyson's dark head appeared. He felt her gaze studying him. Through narrowed lids he saw her come forward step by step, peering at him, a kimono drawn over her nightgown. His constraint suddenly snapped.

"Alyson!" he whispered, starting up.

"Oh—Kort!" She let go the door, and it swung to. She glanced about her, then whirled to the bureau.

"Kort," her voice blundered on the name. "I thought I wanted—one of those headache tablets. Are they here?"

"Why, yes," blankly. "On the bureau, there. Help yourself."

Lund dropped back on his pillow and lay looking at her as she searched for the box. After this day, but one more remained of what he had permitted her monstrously to call their one-year marriage. What did she feel—what did she intend? But he was done waiting for her—for her and Wace—to make the first move. With a sudden plunge he heaved himself out of bed. She spun round where she stood.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Aren't they there? Look in the top drawer."

Her gaze never left him as she groped a moment uncertainly for the drawer-handle; then she burst out, as if against her own volition:

"What is it, Kort? What are you going to do?"

He made no immediate answer as he sat there on the edge of his bed, his head dropped a bit, staring at her—a look she had never seen, the front he took into battle in a man's world.

"Well?" just above her breath. "What?"

HE put his feet into the waiting bedside slippers and tramped over to the closet, where he began to drag out puttees, riding-breeches, a flannel shirt—wear that had seen much service.

"You and I,"—the words dropped sharply, one by one, "you and I are starting out for a prospecting trip this morning."

She drew back, laughing faintly.

"And Stan? I don't think he'd care for prospecting."

"Probably not." He spoke over his shoulder, climbing into his riding-breeches. "It doesn't matter. He's not going."

"Just you and me—alone?" Alyson's voice had a curious tension.

"Just you and me, alone," her husband answered her with finality.

"But—we can't. What will Stan think?"

"Whatever he pleases."

Sitting down wildly on his bed, he took up the telephone from the stand. "You'll have to be quick, now. Wear the sturdiest, oldest duds you've got. This is the trip you've been begging me to take you on for nearly a year—nearly a year," he repeated, looking squarely at her.

Alyson stared back at him.

"You're very sure I'm going—aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, with a plain effort to speak unconcernedly, "if we should decide to go, we'd have to ring up the sleeping-porch and explain to Stan. He's never awake before noon, unless he is called."

Lund's only reply to this was a look. He had got Tang Foo on the house telephone, and now began giving his orders, short, sharp, exact: breakfast ready at once; the saddling of his and Alyson's horse; the pack-mule, with camping outfit and provisions for two days. That last item brought her to his side, a hand upon his arm, shaking it.

"Kort—you'll have to call Stan, now. If we're going to stay two days—"

This was the first actual notice of her capitulation. Lund glanced up swiftly, and visibly restrained himself from touching her, from offering any acknowledgment, only remarking:

"Why bother him? He'll find out about it when he gets up. Do go and get ready."

She surveyed him long—and got nothing from the survey. She caught her breath to speak; she even parted her lips, but closed them again; then she flung round suddenly and ran into her own room, whence came back to him the sounds of her pulling things about and dressing in haste. She appeared at the door, fully equipped, at the same instant that Tang Foo's bell announced coffee. She carried a folded note in her hand, and laid it beside her plate at table. Lund could see Wace's name written on the white square. In diligent silence Tang Foo served the unseasonable meal. The came out from it to find the saddled horse and the pack-mule in the patio, Lorenzo the Spanish boy, still rubbing his eyes sleepily, yet going over knot and hitch to see that all was secure.

Alyson watched everything without a word. She let Lund put her up on her horse. But, just short of the gate, she drew rein and spoke, with a quick breath:

"Kort, which way are we going?"

"Depends on where you want to prospect."

"I didn't want to prospect at all—this morning—did I?"

Lund shrugged.

"Well, we'll get through the gate, anyhow"; and, driving the pack-mule, he led the way.

ALYSON made no more queries. From time to time she glanced forward at her husband's back, obstinate, formidable, then at the mountain opposite, then cautiously back toward the bungalow, where old Tang Foo droned a Chinese song as he cleared the table. Lorenzo pottered at making the patio neat after them, and Wace slumbered on the sleeping-porch.

Lund himself did not look back. Even when they took a trail that left the highway with some pretense of being a road, where they might have ridden abreast, he still continued to lead, and the trail soon got discouraged, declining again into a

ith, a more ragged streak through thorny
haparral. He halted to help her free her
kirts from a clutching branch, eyeing her
arrowly. Despite the heat and the
truggle of the climb, she was pale.

"Pretty tough?" he suggested.

"I don't mind it so much as the open
paces—oh!" as the horses came out to
here a thick mat of pine needles made
ecure footing. "Do they ever fall?"

"No; a cayuse is one thing you can
pend on."

Then for a long time they rode in si-
ence. Hour followed hour, with barely
ome civil word of inquiry or direction
etween them. The sun climbed in a sky
f transparent blue. When, at noon, they
ame out on a bit of high-placed level
ith patches of tolerable grazing, Lund
illed up and spoke:

"A real prospector makes just one fire
twenty-four hours—at night. But you
e no breakfast; I guess I'd better feed
ou."

"Can I help?" said Alyson, as he lifted
er from her horse.

"You might get the things off the pack,
hile I make the fire."

The spirit of the excursion began to lose
ome of its strain. Alyson's color was
itter. Lund, always notably silent,
ound more like himself, busy making a
re pit for the tiny blaze necessary to fry
acon and boil coffee. Alyson found pot
nd pan and supplies on the pack-saddle.
was a curiously homelike little meal to
hich they finally sat down.

"I believe I'm going to enjoy prospect-
ng," Alyson put forward, a shade too
ortheatly.

"That's good."

Lund helped her to bacon, and they ate
n fairly amicable silence for a while.

"It's fun, of course," she threw out an-
other feeler, when the meal was over;
hat I'd like to know—"

SHE stopped suddenly; for at the mo-
ment she noticed the white square of a
folded note stuck in his belt. Her eyes
dilated upon it. Lund heard a quick
breath; then, in a difficult voice:

"Isn't that the note I left for Stan? I
thought I put it under his plate."

Deliberately Lund withdrew the paper.
He did not offer it to her, but looked at
her above it with lifted brows.

"Well," he suggested, "we might burn
it now, I should say"; and without an-
other word thrust it into the fire.

There was a moment of silence, in
which the situation all at once stood out
startlingly clear. With a morning's ride
Lund had brought his wife from the
modern woman's place of vantage to a
stone-age simplicity of dependence on her
mate.

"When are we going back to the house?"
she asked him suddenly.

"I don't know."

"Kort—" Evidently the effort to say
what she must pitched her voice in a
slightly higher key than pleased her, for
she abruptly lowered her tone: "I want
to be told when we're going."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a human being and not
an inch-worm. I care to know what di-
rection I am traveling in."

"Is that all?"

"No. Yes."

She swung into the saddle unhelped,
gathered up the reins, and sat looking
defiantly down at him.

"I don't see why I've got to explain
myself so elaborately to you—you never
trouble to enlighten me."

Lund smiled, a wry smile that had no
amusement in it.

"Well, you've answered yes, and you've
answered no—woman fashion. I can take
my choice, can I?"

Silence. He spoke once more:

"You've asked me when we're going to
get home and what direction we're going
to take. I'll trade you two questions of
my own for your two: Where do you
want to go? Whom do you wish to meet?"

"Nobody!" cried Alyson. But the eyes
of both went to the camp-fire, where the
black wraith of Wace's note fluttered on
the coals.

"God!" said Lund under his breath. "if
there was ever any getting the truth from
a woman!"

He went over to stamp on the buried
camp-fire and make certain that the red
destroyer was not let loose in the hills by
his hand. When he came back to Alyson,
she only said doggedly and without look-
ing at him:

"If you'll tell me which way—I'll go."

Without answer in words, he again led.
Later he seemed to grow uneasy in this
position, and, where the footing permitted,
sent his wife ahead of him—even across
those slippery, terrifying pine-needle-
cushioned places, he never rode at her
side. If she looked back for directions,
he gave them to her with an impatient
gesture. When the afternoon's climbing
was over—and it had been far worse than
the hardships of the morning—they halted
in a spot Lund seemed to have selected
for their camp. It was a good camp, with
water. Lund did everything, waiting on
Alyson with a not unkindly air of forget-
ting she was there. He got the supper,
cleaned away after it, then made the beds,
feet to fire, his on one side, hers on the
other.

Lund had not slept at all the night be-
fore; the day had been a long one in
the open; yet he lay for some time, watch-
ing his wife between almost closed lids,
while that bright little blade of fire flick-
ered between them. For a while she sat
pensively, looking very small and lonely
in the midst of the wild, her blanket
over her head cowl-wise. He slept at
last, heavily.

THE day and night that followed were
as the first day and night—sun, wind, a
dazzling blue sky, an aimless scrambling
over steep trails, the camp of exhaustion
in the evening, and for the most part
silence between them. The third morning
Lund waked to find Alyson
already up, dressed, the fire
going and breakfast begun.
If she thought to acquire
merit by this, she was dis-
appointed. Her husband
moved like a man unconsc-
ious of his surroundings.
When the moment to start came, he demanded ab-
ruptly:

"Do you want to prospect
on the other side in-stay?"

"The other side?"

"Yes. From where we are
now, we could swing across
and get there by noon."

"Get where? Why 'by
noon'?" Alyson's voice was
scarcely more than a whis-
per. But his stern eye was
on her, and he reiterated:

"Do you want to go over
there?"

"I don't care where we
go."

"Are you as happy as
all that?"

"I'm not happy. You
know it well enough—you've
known it for a long time," she
blazed up. "You don't care!"

"For a long time," Lund repeated her
words slowly. There was a flicker of
movement in his bared throat; the muscles
of that strong jaw tightened. "You
seemed to be pretty gay this last week."

"What's the use?" Alyson flung it all
down with a hopeless gesture. "You
knew Stan and I were engaged before I
ever met you. Well—I was wearing his
ring when—you—when— You know
that when you brought him to the house."

Lund made no denial. The assertion
was at least essentially true. He caught
her arm and faced her around.

"You don't want to go home. That
means that he isn't there. Where do you
want to go?"

Involuntarily her eyes lifted to the hut
on the mountainside across the valley.
She looked away instantly, but Lund had
seen.

"I've got my answer," he said huskily,
retreating to his own horse, swinging up,
wheeling toward a spot in the brush that
looked as if it might be branched.

"Kort—where are you going?"

"Over there. If we ride hard
we can do it by noon."

He twisted to glance at her
across his shoulder. What he
saw in her face made him add:

"Your appointment with
Wace was at noon. All right;
we'll make it."

"No, no—Kort! Please—
Kort—please!" she protested,
as he put his horse at the
bushes and burst through.

He turned only to say:

"Come on. Keep close to me.

"Hour followed hour, with barely a civil word between them. From time to time she glanced at his back, obstinate, formidable."

It gives me a crick in my neck to be look-
ing back for you all the time. When we
get where I don't have to break the trail,
I'll send you ahead again. Come on."

For a moment Alyson stared at the
threshing bushes in his wake; then a
wild glance went valleyward. He paid
no attention, crashing ahead, and she
finally put the spurs to her horse and
drove it in after him.

"Kort," she cried in desperation, "I've
got to talk to you! Kort!"

"Talk!" Lund shouted back.

"Wait a minute, then."

"No; we'll have to keep going. We've
got no time. Talk."

"I—"

They were through the thicket. She
got her mount close to his and hung upon
his flank.

"I won't let you go up to the shack on
the mountain. Stan is there. He—"

"You can't be loyal to either man—can
you?" groaned Lund, checking to look at
her at last. Alyson began to cry.

"I don't know what you call it," she
choked. "I'm loyal enough to you to—
He'll be inside the shack and he'll see you
coming. It gives him a chance to—"

Her husband's laughter, bitter, mirth-
less, loud, broke in on her speech.

"That's a woman," he said. "You
raise the devil—and then you object to
the sight of his hoofs and horns. Your
man Wace isn't going to kill anybody.
He's not that kind. But, now that you've
warned me, I can come on him from the
back of the hut just as easy, and drill him.
Do you get that?"

Alyson was dumb. Through another
hour of blind floundering through scrub
she rode mute. Then they came out on
a dubious path that dribbled valleyward.
Into this Lund headed the pack-mule,
and gave it a cut with his quirt that sent
it trotting toward home.

"Now!" he said, and plunged into the
scrub like a man possessed.

THEY scrambled and slid terrifyingly.
Again and again they broke through
armed elongarral thickets where the horses
left blood on the thorns. They skirted
walls of shelving rock. At the end of
an hour of this sort of thing, when she
had ceased to protest or even to com-
ment, they emerged suddenly upon a
mesa across which they could see the
little hut squatted amid its bent and
twisted scrub oaks. A line of smoke went

up from its chimney. Wordlessly Alyson hung back. Lund reached for her horse's bridle, and they went at a canter across the open. Alyson would have sat her horse, but Lund leaped down from his own mount and raised peremptory arms toward her.

"Come on," he said. "Some of us are expected, anyhow."

The arm that lifted her down remained about her waist and hurried her to the cabin, up its steps, and into its doorway. Lund glanced about him at the four walls, at the preparations for a meal. Then he looked through the window at the back, and saw, on a rock about a hundred yards away, Wace with a field-glass, scanning the easy trail that led up to this spot from the main road and the bungalow.

"Your friend Wace is expecting somebody—that's evident."

Lund's cool voice was scarcely lowered. Alyson pulled free from him and backed away, coming up flattened against the wall beside the door, facing her husband.

sight of Lund, he made the tenderfoot's inevitable hasty motion toward his hip.

"Don't draw," said the big man. "We're friends. Advance, friend."

With the tail of a wary eye, Wace found Alyson. Silently he made a first step, a man trying a bridge. He got into the room finally, both his hands conspicuously in view and empty.

"Well," in a flatted, breathless voice—"this is a surprise!"

LUND shook his head.

"I don't think 'surprise' is the word." He pointed toward the stove with its simmering pot. "I see you've got dinner about ready. We may as well take off our guns while we eat. Come—we'll give 'em to Alyson and let her hang 'em on the wall there."

She came hastily to get them, with a ghastly attempt at her ordinary manner. The red was in her cheeks now in two burning spots below the dark eyes. She was very wonderful to look at.

displayed a fair imitation of his usual swagger.

Lund ate heartily and praised the food. Alyson left her plate almost untouched, but drank the coffee and poured a second and stronger cup. Wace excused his poor appetite on the score of a late breakfast.

When they had finished, Lund leaned suddenly forward in his chair, and brought his fist down softly close to Wace's hand.

"You haven't told how you happened to be here," he said, looking squarely into the other man's face.

"No." A covert glance went Alyson's way.

"Alyson knows." Lund's gaze followed his.

Alyson sat staring down at her plate, and both men stared at her.

"Didn't you promise to meet Alyson here to-day at noon?" Lund leaned further across the table and shot out the words. "No, you don't!" he countered, as he saw the other's eye go swiftly to the pistols hanging on the wall. "We'll have no gun play. It's man to man."

All three were on their feet now—Alyson retreating from the table step by step toward the wall on the side where the weapons hung. Wace attempted to swing around toward her, and Lund, never looking that way, blocked him.

"I told you we'd have no gun play," he repeated. "A gun's no argument."

"Argument?" Wace caught at the word. "Yes, it seems to me that in our age of the world people ought to be able to settle a thing like this reasonably. Lys married you on the understanding—"

"You let the understanding between Alyson and me alone," cut in Lund. "Stick to what's between you and me."

"Damn you!" flared Wace. "You don't bully me, Kortney Lund. You're not talking to a woman that you can browbeat. You're speaking to a man now."

"All right," agreed Lund, without any apparent intention to be insulting. "I'll let you pass for a man. If you want to make anything of it, go ahead. State your case."

Wace tried again.

"You and Lys were married at high noon, exactly a year ago to-day. The agreement was—"

"I told you not to say that!" Lund interrupted. "On what grounds do you make an agreement between my wife and me any business of yours?"

Anger glared in Wace's arrogant eye, but fear was there, too.

"Well—you can't say it's nothing to her. Lys, why don't you speak up to him?"

Again Lund shook his head.

"I wonder at you, Wace," he said. "You lack tact—and that's the truth. Whatever you do, you oughtn't to take back-water before her—try to shove her in front of you."

Lund turned a slow, contemptuous eye toward the room-mark. On the instant Wace leaped for his gun, got it, and when Lund whirled round on him it was to confront that most dangerous of adversaries—a hideously scared man struggling with shaking hands to drag the weapon from its holster.

"Drop that gun!"

Lund, crouching a bit to launch himself upon the other, felt the butt of his own pistol seem pat into his palm. He swung up its muzzle; when Wace had his gun free of the holster he found himself already covered.

"Drop it!" Lund repeated his order. "Drop it, and back out of the door."

"Lys!" Wace called, as his weapon rattled on the boards. "Lys, come on."

Lund's eyes did not leave the figure of the man backing through the door, but he was aware of Alyson's stirring where she stood.

"Come on," Wace spoke, as his heel met the threshold, and his hands went up to the jambs to steady him for the step down. "Make him keep his promise and let you walk out. Don't stay there to be killed."

The last words came to them when Wace was on the path outside, running toward the thicket where his saddled horse waited—not once looking behind him. Lund lowered his weapon, strode to the door, and slammed it, then turned back to Alyson.

"Don't be scared," he said gently. "I won't kill you."

"I wish you would! Oh, Kort, I wish you would!—if you can't—can't—"

HE had constrained himself not to touch her. Now he caught her suddenly in his arms, and a swift hand went over her mouth. For a long moment he held her so. Then her closed lids raised, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Don't say it," he whispered. "I can't." Then—as she moved in his arms and moaned: "God knows, I want to be good to you; but I can't do that."

Alyson pushed away his hand. "The year!" she gasped. "The year!"

"Poor girl!" He cherished her tear-bathed face in a cupping palm. "You want to be home—and I'm going to hang on to you as long as there's breath in my body!"

"Kort!"

"Don't say any awful thing to me, dear," he broke in on her. "I'm hanging on. I'll never give you up. It may make you hate me—it's going to hurt if you downright hate me. But I'll never give you up."

"Do you think I want to be given up?"

There was no mistaking her vehemence, the hysteric energy of her tone.

For the first moment Lund dared to slacken his hold. He pushed her back, staring into her face.

"What did you—say that about a year—a time marriage—for?" incredulously.

She burst from his hand, plunging at him, catching him, burying her face against him, crying out:

"To make you fight it! To make you say no. Oh—oh—oh! You said yes! You agreed!"

"I'd have agreed to anything."

"You didn't mean it? You haven't been fixing things at the mine so you'd be free—so you could leave me?"

"Alyson!"

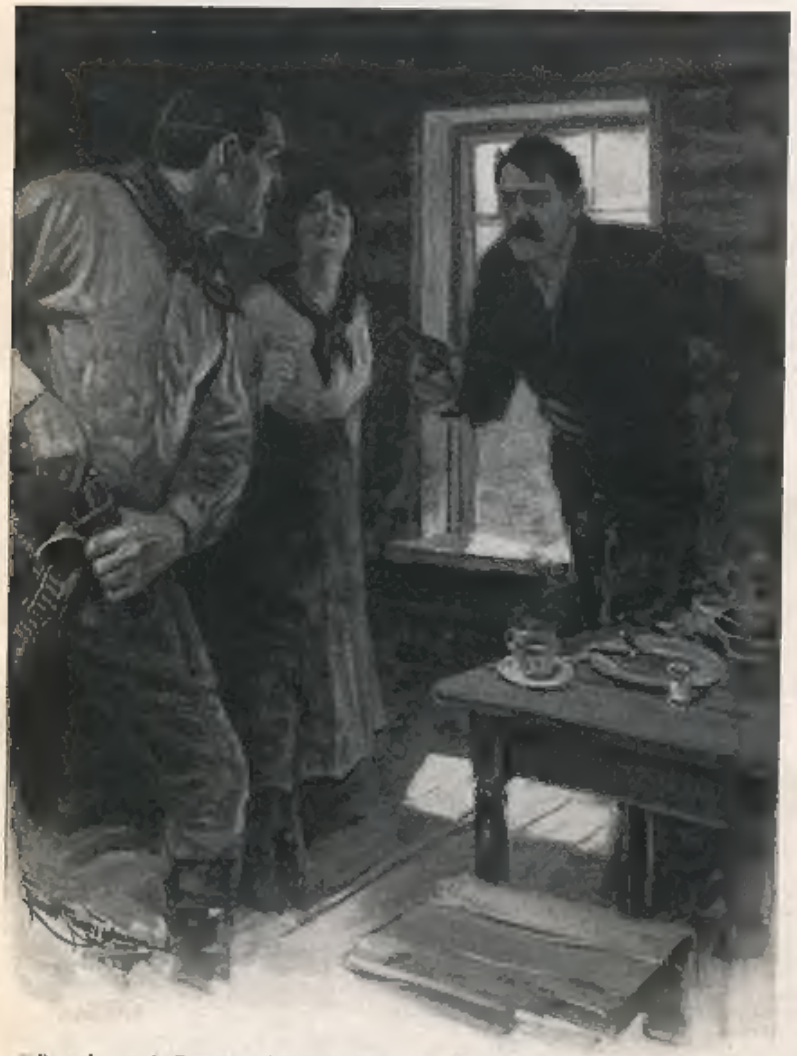
"Well, the year was about over—and you'd never said a word—and you seemed so busy and preoccupied. I almost went crazy. And you said for me to invite somebody. So—Stan had been writing—and I thought you were tired of me. And you didn't say you loved me."

"Love you! Why, child, what do you think made me set the brute in you this way—dragging you round with me for three whole days—running the chance of killing that fool or having him blow the top of my head off?"

"Oh, I saw you were furious. Another man—your pride—"

"Pride!" he burst in on her, gathering her close in his arms, dropping to the window-bench to cradle her. "When it comes to you, I've got no pride. There's never been the minute since I first saw you that I wouldn't have crawled to get you."

He rocked her softly, his cheek against hers. Through the window they saw far below a little moving cloud of dust—an unskilled horseman who flogged a trail-wise, indignant pony downhill.



"Drop that gun! Drop it, and back out of the door."

Lund continued to stand in the middle of the room and look through the window, his fingers busy with the buckle of his pistol-belt, whose holster was slipped around in front.

"Our man's left his lookout"—wheeling slowly to command the open door. "How he comes, expecting—expecting—expecting somebody! But I hardly think he's expecting me."

No answer—no sound in the room.

"Whoosh! He's seen the horses!"

There was an exclamation outside, then running feet, and Wace came jumping up the steps sidewise, entering shoulder first.

"Lys!" he cried. Then, as he caught

Wace went to the stove in the corner, where the bubbling sauerpan sent out the odor of that hunter's stew the making of which was his boasted accomplishment.

"Too bad I let the peak go—we had a can of peaches left this morning," Lund said. "Well, I've got some cheese in my saddle pockets. I'll get that."

He surveyed the two with an enigmatic gaze, then left them—Wace at the stove, mechanically stirring his stew, Alyson getting out a third tin plate from the cupboard. When he came back the board was in order, the savory mess dished up. Wace pulled himself together, and now

What Becomes of All the Babies?

Baby, baby, who wants a baby? Here are nine in one crib, six white, two brown, and a pickaninny. In the various institutions of the country there are at least 100,000 babies waiting for some one to want them. You can have one, provided you're the right sort of person—unless you demand a "blue-eyed girl."

OUTSIDE of a great orphan asylum in one of the largest cities in the country there used to be an ugly wooden cradle. It stood unguarded and alone. To one side of it was a push button connected with an electric bell inside the orphanage; behind it a blank door set into the orphanage wall. At twilight every evening a strange, silent procession would creep along that unseeing wall—a woman, or two women; sometimes three or four. Each slinking figure would hesitate for a moment at the yawning cradle, drop a tiny parcel, press the button, and slip away. Smoothly, silently, the door behind the cradle would open; an arm clothed in a nurse's uniform would reach out and swing the cradle inside the door. One who listened closely might hear the echo of an infant's wail. Then the cradle would reappear, empty again.

The nurse, stationed behind the wall to tend the cradle, would yawn and return to her reading, waiting the next summons of the bell. Somewhere in the big rooms of the orphanage, another baby, freshly bathed and newly numbered, would be laid in a crib beside a hundred others. Somewhere beyond the wall, a mother wept for the thing she had done.

100,000 in Institutions

SOMETIMES those mothers came back to the orphanage, and, crying their remorse, pleaded that their babies be given back to them again. But the orphanage never gave back. Above the ugly wooden cradle might have been painted the warning, "Abandon hope." Once dropped into its waiting folds, the baby grew up unmothered and unloved.

That cradle has long since disappeared. It is harder to get rid of a baby than it used to be. But still thousands of babies every year are deserted—in railway stations, in the vestibules of public buildings, and in parks. There are to-day more than 100,000 babies in the various institutions of the United States. What becomes of them?

Formerly they were kept at the orphan asylum until they were fourteen years old and then turned out to root for themselves. Now, however, clearing-houses for babies have been established in most large cities—Children's Aid Societies, they are usually termed. It has been discovered that Providence evens things up in a marvelous way. For almost every mother who doesn't want her baby there is somewhere in the United States another mother whose babies have grown up and gone away, or who wants babies and has none. If it weren't for the fact that so many babyless mothers want the same kind of babies, homes could be found for nearly all of them. But alas for the boy babies! alas for the brown-eyed Susans and the black-eyed Bettys! The great, unceasing demand is this: "Send me a blue-eyed girl."

Our babies are all grown up and gone away. Somehow, I can't seem to get used to a perfectly orderly quiet house. My arms ache for a little one again. Can't you send me a blue-eyed girl? We'll see that she has every advantage that our own children had.

Here's another:

Five years we have been married, always hoping for a little one. Now we learn that there are to be no little ones for us. Our lives seem very empty. Send us a blue-eyed girl.

Sometimes the boys do get a chance:

I want a boy aged eight. We have about 300 chickens; we have lots of grape-vines and cherry trees and eight plum trees; we have a big garden. There are six of us already—all girls; but we want a boy. Send us an eight-year-old boy who will fit in between the second and third girl.

Nothing like having your family made to order. Many letters come from less desirable sources—from farmers who want to adopt boys because it's cheaper to have a son working around the place at no wages than to hire outside labor; and from women who must have some one to help with the dishes and can't afford a hired girl.

How Do They Turn Out?

ONCE in a blue moon the fairy tale comes true. Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shepard drop in at an orphanage, pick out a ragged little tow-head who doesn't know whether he ever had a mother and father or not, and make him the heir to millions and millions. That naturally does happen in life sometimes, as well as in fiction—but not often. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the life of the motherless little boy and girl is a pretty drab one before adoption, and afterward as well. One baby clearing-house in New York has shipped more than 60,000 boys and girls to find homes, sending out a special train-load every spring. And of the 60,000 none, so far as is known, has fallen heir to great wealth.

Do orphanage babies ever make good? In the fall of 1863, Johnny Carroll's mother left him in the waiting-room of the old Indiana House in Cincinnati, Ohio, and never came back. They had been on their way to see Johnny's father, a soldier wounded in one of the Southern battles, and not until years afterward did Johnny learn that his mother had died of sunstroke on her way to buy their tickets. Johnny was taken to the Cincinnati Home for Children. He had been in there about two years when that society decided that children would grow up better if paroled out among farmers. Johnny lived on farms near Martinsville, New Vienna, and Highland, Ohio. He grew up to be Colonel Carroll of St. Louis, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Missouri, and attorney for the Hill railroads.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts was an orphan; so was Herbert Bigelow, Cincinnati's famous preacher; and so were John G. Brady, for three terms Governor of Alaska, and Andrew H. Burke, first Governor of North Dakota.

Little David, in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," voices the pathetic appeal of the waif for a home:

"I seem to visit quite a lot," he says; "I'd like to belong to somebody."

It used to be thought that the orphan asylum was the best possible answer to the abandoned baby problem: many poor homes were broken up and the children ordered to be placed in orphan asylums. Few homes are broken up these days if there is any possibility whatever of holding them together. "Even a bad mother," social workers say, "is better for a baby than no mother at all."

What becomes of all the babies? Several hundred thousand of them have been paroled out into babyless homes in the past forty years. But there are still a hundred thousand or more waiting for some one to adopt them. Want a baby? You can have one—provided, of course, that you don't insist on a "blue-eyed girl."

The Richest Street-Car Conductor

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE richest street-car conductor in the world is a resident of Chicago. His name is Henry Toborg, and he is said to be a quarter-of-a-millionaire. No one left him money; he earned every cent of it himself, and he's making more to-day, while still working at the same old job. What is more, he *likes* that job and has no intention of giving it up.

It sounds almost unbelievable—that a man should want to punch transfers when he can clip coupons. But evidently Henry does. He has been ringing up fares for the Chicago Street Railway Company for thirty-eight years now, and he would be lost, he says, if they took his job away from him. That is why he is still found punching transfers for the Chicago public from 4 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily on a shuttle car at the end of the Blue Island line, when he might be riding in an automobile.

Do Everything Yourself

TOBORG has done away with worry about the high cost of living by the simple expedient of converting his salary of from $18 to $72 a month into real estate worth a handsome fortune. His income from rents alone nets him more than $5000 a year.

How did he do it? Well, for one thing, he has never ceased working. The man who stops work, he says, is like an old mill out of use—he falls to pieces. In the thirty-eight years he has been a conductor Toborg has taken exactly two "lay-offs," and both were due to strikes. Did Henry lounge around and smoke cigars while his car was tied up? Not much. Instead of loafing, he merely discarded his uniform for a pair of overalls and proceeded to repair the alley back of his hotel at Blue Island Avenue and Leavitt Street. It is quite a hotel, too, and so well conducted (without meaning to be facetious) that there is seldom a vacant room in the building.

One of Toborg's maxims is, never pay for work you can do yourself. He has followed this rule all his life, and it has played an important part in his success. Another is, make your vacations pile up your

"Punch, brothers, punch with care; punch in the presence of the passengaire," sang the poet, and for thirty-eight years Henry Toborg has followed his advice. As a result he owns a hotel and other real estate worth a fortune. Other street-car conductors are said to have grown wealthy; but Henry did it out of his salary.

dividends. His bank account testifies to the wisdom of this policy.

Conductor Toborg has been hustling for himself since he was fourteen, at which age he left his home in Indiana. When he was seventeen he had saved up $500. About this time his father died, and, as his mother was left without resources, he immediately turned over his savings to her, then started out to accumulate more. The next ten years he spent on the Gulf of Mexico, dividing his time between working on the sugar plantations and the steamship docks. When he came to Chicago at the end of the ten years he secured a job as street-car conductor. Then, with the money he had saved, he bought a piece of land on Blue Island Avenue and started the erection of a two-story flat building. Toborg took what he calls a "vacation"; that is, he carried the hod and laid the bricks himself, and also did some of the carpentry work. He sold the property at a good profit, clearing about $1500 on the transaction. This money, he says, started him on the road to a comfortable income.

Not Afraid of Ghosts

HIS next opportunity came in a peculiar way. A man in Toborg's neighborhood had started to build a house which, lacking finances, he was unable to complete. The building soon fell to pieces, and presently the report got around that the place was haunted by a ghost. For this reason no one wanted to buy the property, notwithstanding that the owner gradually reduced his price. At the psychological moment Toborg—who wasn't afraid of ghosts—stepped in and secured the land and partly finished building at a bargain. He completed it himself, and a few months later sold out at a net profit of $2000. With this money he bought a number of lots in the same neighborhood, and one by one erected houses on them.

At sixty-three Henry Toborg is a splendid example of clean living, perseverance, and thrift. He says he will never retire, for when a man stops work it is time for him to die.

"'But a man can't live on twenty-five dollars a week.' 'Can't? I know men who support a family on less. I live on half of that myself.'"

The Wall Street Girl

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Wulfs

WHEN Miss Winthrop changed her mind and consented not to seek a new luncheon place, she was taking a chance, and she knew it. If ever Blake heard of the new arrangement,—and he was sure to hear of it if any one ever saw her there with Don,—she was fully aware how he would interpret it to the whole office.

She was taking a chance, and she knew it—knew it with a curious sense of elation. She was taking a chance for him. This hour at noon was the only opportunity she had of talking to Don. If she let that pass, then she could do nothing more for him. She must stand back and watch him go his own way, as others had gone their way.

For one thing was certain: she could allow no further conversations in the office. She had been forced to stop those, and had warned him that he must not speak to her again there except on business, and that he must not sit at Powers' desk and watch her at work. When he had challenged her for a reason, she had blushed; then she had replied simply:

"It isn't business."

And so, when on Saturday morning Don came in heavy-eyed for lack of sleep after the Moore dance, she merely looked up and nodded and went on with her work. But she studied him a dozen times when he did not know she was studying him, and frowned every time he suppressed, with difficulty, a yawn. He appeared tired—dead tired.

For the first time in months she found herself looking forward to the noon hour. She glanced at her watch at eleven-thirty, at eleven-forty-five, and again at five minutes before twelve.

To-day she reserved a seat for him in the little lunch-room. But at fifteen minutes past twelve, when Don usually strode in the door, he had not come. At twenty minutes past he had not come. If he did not come in another five minutes she resolved to make no further effort to keep his place—either to-day or at any future time. At first she was irritated; then she was worried. It was possible he was lunching with Blake. If he began that—well, she would be freed of all further responsibility, for one thing. But at this point Don entered. He made no apologies for having kept her waiting, but deposited in the empty chair, as he went off for his sandwich and coffee, a long, narrow box done up in white paper. She gave him time to eat a portion of his lunch before she asked:

"Out late again last night?"

"Went to a dance," he nodded.

She was relieved to hear that. It was a better excuse than some, but still it was not a justifiable excuse for a man who needed all his energies.

"You didn't get enough sleep, then."

"I should say not," Don admitted cheerfully. "In bed at four and up at seven."

"You look it."

"And I feel it."

"You can't keep that up long."

"Sunday's coming, and I'm going to sleep all day," he declared.

"But what's the use of getting into that condition?" she inquired.

He thought a moment.

"Well, I don't suppose a man can cut off everything just because he's in business."

"That's part of the business—at the beginning," she returned.

"To work all the time?"

"To work all the time," she nodded. "I wish I had your chance."

"My chance to work?" he laughed.

"Your chance to get ahead," she answered. "It's all so easy—for a man!"

"Easy!"

"You don't have to do anything but keep straight and keep at work. You ought to have taken those circulars home with you last night and learned them by heart."

"I've read 'em. But, hang it all, they don't mean anything."

"Then find out what they mean. Keep at it until you do find out. The firm isn't going to pay you for what you *don't* know."

READ THIS FIRST THEN START THE STORY

ON the death of his father, young Donald Pendleton, a typical "rich man's son," finds that by the terms of the will the whole of his father's estate is tied up in trusts, and that he can not touch a penny of it. The only thing bequeathed to him is his father's house and its maintenance. Donald's present means consist of twelve dollars and sixty-three cents, and he soon reduces this to thirteen cents. To add to the awkwardness of his predicament, he is engaged to a millionaire's daughter. During the day it is borne in upon him that in order to live it is necessary to eat, and that his thirteen cents will not see him far. He therefore accepts the offer of his father's executor to get him a $25-a-week job in the banking house of Carter, Rand & Seagraves, and reports for work immediately. Going into a dairy lunch to spend his last thirteen cents for food, he finds himself sitting next to the firm's stenographer, Miss Sarah Winthrop. She insists on lending him two dollars to live on until pay-day. That afternoon Donald executes his first job for the firm—the delivery of some important papers to another firm—and feels that he has started on his business career. He calls on his fiancée that evening and tells her his day's experiences. She admonishes him to hurry and make his fortune by sprint. The next day he again meets Miss Winthrop at lunch; and she tells him one of them ought to find another luncheon-place, to avoid gossip in the office. That evening, over a delicatessen supper in her uptown room, Miss Winthrop—in spite of a rather skeptical attitude toward the men she has met in offices—decides to give young Pendleton the benefit of her observation and advice in order to help him to success.

"But last night—well, a man has to get around a little bit."

"Around where?" she questioned him.

"Among his friends. Doesn't he?"

She hesitated. "It seems to me you'll have to choose between dances and business."

"Eh?"

She nodded.

"Between dances and business. I tell you, this next six months is going to count a lot on how you make good with Farnsworth."

"Well, he isn't the only one," he said.

"He's the only one in this office—I know what I'm talking about."

"But outside the office—"

She put down her fork.

"I don't know why I'm mixing up in your business," she declared earnestly. "Except that I've been here three years now, and have seen men come and go. And every time they've gone it has been clear as daylight why they went. Farnsworth is square. He hasn't much heart in him, but he's square. And he has eyes in the back of his head."

She raised her own eyes and looked swiftly about the room as if she half expected to discover him here.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

She did not answer his question, but as she ran on again she lowered her voice:

"You've been in his office to-day?"

"He gave me some more circulars," Don admitted.

"Then you'd better believe he knew you didn't get to bed last night until 4 a. m. And you'd better believe he has tucked that away in his mind somewhere."

Don appeared worried.

"He didn't say anything."

"No, he didn't say anything. He doesn't say anything until he has a whole collection of those little things. Even then he doesn't say much; but what he does say—counts."

"You don't think he's getting ready to fire me?" he asked anxiously.

"He's always getting ready," she an-

Continued on page 17

He Can't Marry These

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

WHAT happens to a young German officer or two is far more interesting to the Princess Maria del Pilar of Bavaria than the safety of the Prince of Wales. The Bavarian princess plays the harp and the piano, speaks English, Spanish, and French, loves horses and dogs and tennis, has written a book, is a devout Catholic, has a small fortune of her own, is twenty-four years of age, and looks, they say, like one of Murillo's Madonnas

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Archduchess Hedwig of Austria.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

NOT so long ago Princess Helene of Greece was quite definitely in the running in the Prince of Wales' Royal Marriage Contest. She is nineteen, very charming, with English tastes, and is the Prince's second cousin to boot. However, now that they are nearly ready to cut the German words out of the dictionaries in the British Isles, and the Grecian Princess is the Kaiser's niece, all bets are off.

But These Are O. K.

Copyright, Brown Brothers.

THE Grand Duchess Olga, the Czar's eldest daughter, is just twenty, and only wears a train like this on state occasions. For the most part, she bicycles and tramps and rides in far more comfortable skirts and blouses. Some people say that an alliance between the houses of Romanoff and Saxe-Coburg would be the best guaranty for the peace of the world. But Olga has a mind of her own, and has declared that nothing could induce her to leave Russia.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE Grand Duchess Tatiana, the Czar's second daughter, is just eighteen, and chief of her own Wranesensk Lancers. Among the suitors for the hands of Tatiana and Olga are Prince Carol of Rumania and Prince Alexander of Servia. The Czar's daughters are undoubtedly the greatest matches in Europe because of their position, great fortunes, and personal charm.

Copyright, Brown Brothers.

HALF a dozen royal princesses would cry their eyes out if the Prince of Wales were wounded; for he is the catch of Europe. Intelligent and likable, fond of sport, books, and people—"an awfully decent chap," the young officer's Oxford classmates call him.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

EITHER of the Princesses Anastasia and Nadejda, nieces of the Czar of Russia, might at first glance seem to be the ideal future wife of England's Crown Prince. But Queen Mary would not be likely to consent to a match with a daughter of the Countess Torbey, who, besides not being of royal blood, has long been "the best dressed woman in England."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"THE prettiest princess in Europe," eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, is very easily imaginable as the future Queen of England. She looks young, to be sure, but she is nearly fifteen, and already overtops her royal father. Princess Yolande loves sport, and when she was ten brought down a chamois at eighty yards.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

WHEN the Grand Duke Michael married out of his rank, the Czar promptly announced that Michael and the charming widow who had fascinated him were exiles from Russia, to which the Grand Duke responded by taking a ninety-nine years' lease on an English country house. This is his younger daughter, Nadejda.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

IT is the great American story—the story of the Man Who Didn't Have a Nickel. Every immigrant boy who comes to this country carries some version of it in the back of his head. It is the story of half our big millionaires. Caruso was a little Neapolitan boy, working industriously in his father's shop for forty cents a week, when some one overheard him singing in the public baths, and decided that his voice was worth training. Now he gets $2500 for a single Metropolitan performance—the highest salary paid to any singer in the world. But there is a bitter drop in every cup. Caruso has not been "raised" for ten years. Among his colleagues he is noted for his good disposition. When the company is on tour, he always sings in his berth when he wakes up in the morning.

IN case of a drizzle, a footman holds an umbrella over ex-Senator W. A. Clark as that gentleman steps from his palace to his limousine; but years ago Mr. Clark worked nine months knee-deep in icy water for $1500, and once he rode 250 miles on horseback—in a blizzard, with the temperature 20° below zero—to supply the mining camp with tobacco. In those days Clark drove his emigrant wagon almost two thousand miles, in spite of coyotes, cold, famine, and the objections of the Sioux Indians. Finally he started a trading store in Salt Lake; but, finding that, where flour cost $150 for fifty pounds, he must be a banker as well, he studied banking. His chief interest, the United Verde Copper Mine, now yields $100,000,000 worth of copper a month.

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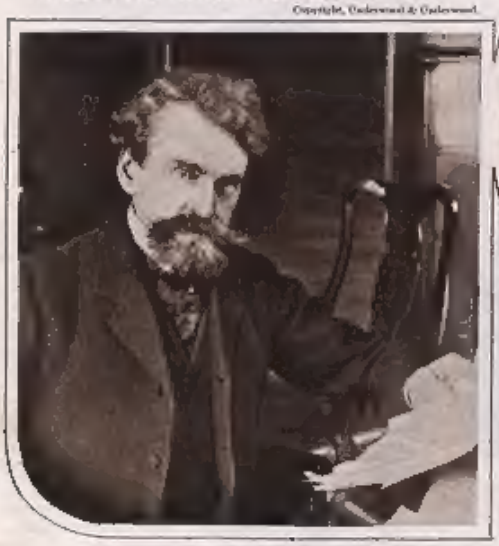


MARTIN W. LITTLETON. Three's lawyer against Jerome, started, like various other celebrities, in a log cabin. His especial log cabin was in Tennessee, and there were fourteen other children to keep him company. Studying nights, doing chores to pay an old German schoolmaster for teaching him, he patched together an education that got him into a district attorney's office when he was nineteen. On the way up he had been track walker, baker's helper, and farm hand, all of which must make excellent law training, for in five years he was practising in New York, and three years later was district attorney for Kings County.

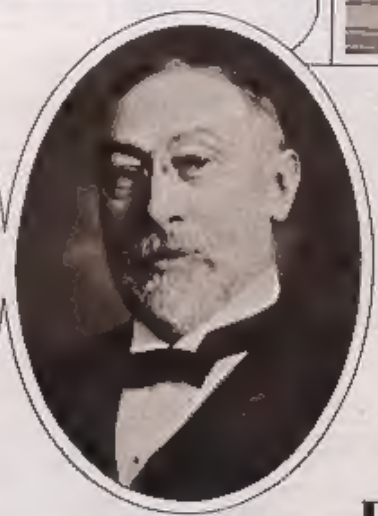
Copyright, G. V. Buck.

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH started his career in the popcorn business, with newspapers as an incidental staple, collecting occasional pin-money as a telegraph messenger. Growing ambitious, he walked four miles, in that blizzard which inevitably falls at the crucial moments in great men's lives, to get a job as page in the Michigan State Senate. In a month officials tired of turning him down. The same persistence later got him into a law office, where he won his way armed with a broom. After the office was swept he found plenty of time to study law, and when he was twenty-four was admitted to the bar. Now the newspapers of Michigan—including his own—talk about him for President.

Copyright, G. V. Buck.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

AT twenty-four Hugh Chalmers headed a big sales organization in the National Cash Register Company. Later he went into the automobile business. Once a man said: "I can't buy a car, it costs too much." Chalmers answered: "I have fifty answers to that question; it will take just two hours to give them. Will you sign now or in two hours?" The man signed.



GEORGE C. BOLDT, now owner of the Waldorf-Astoria, was once manager of the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia. One day William Waldorf Astor stopped there, and didn't like the decorations of his room. While he was out Boldt had the room entirely redecorated and refurnished—which so impressed William that he made Mr. Boldt manager of the Waldorf.

SPEAKER C... digging post... down in old ... together ... touch schools ... before the ... Later he ... but was ... revolver ... old-fashioned ... spite of ... was admitt... he was ... is the ... the House.

Men Didn a M

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY editor of the *North American Review*, used to wood enough to buy ink for his printing-press in Peacham, Vermont. The regular Vermont farmer fifty years ago didn't see much use in printing presses when there was valuable live stock to feed, but young George persisted in his ambition to be a journalist. His first attempt was the *Peacham Patriot*, with one edition of five copies. After experience on various Vermont papers he collected enough money to buy a ticket to Springfield, Massachusetts. "I asked for ten dollars a week," he says, "Mr. Bowles of the Springfield *Republican* thought six dollars was about right, finally agreed to take the six dollars."

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

YOU remember the bicycle, don't you—that curious animal, now extinct, that once roamed the highways of this land of the free? The man who used to repair bicycles in Brooklyn is John Waltys, president of the Willys-Overland Company. When automobiles began to do the bicycle to death, he took to repairing automobiles, then to selling them—and he sold more than his company could manufacture. Then he began to manufacture them himself, using some discarded wooden shacks on his plant. Two years later he was turning out four hundred cars a week. And in 1907—just eight years ago—three hundred dollars looked as big to him as the national debt.

Photograph by Moses Brothers

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

THOMAS EDISON tried in his first scientific experiment although he did not hatch them. A goose on his mother's farm produced a fine brood of goslings. Next day Thomas was nowhere to be found. At last they found him in the hay-loft, curled up over a litter of goose eggs, waiting optimistically for the first quack. He was more successful, however, as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and especially as editor of a railroad newspaper. Of course at this time he had an experimental laboratory in his cellar, made up of old cables, batteries, and stove-pipe, and had also learned telegraphy. As a station telegraph operator he once forgot the signals with the usual amazement of persons, and almost wrecked a train. Today his electric bulbs light the world, and his phonograph carries to a million flat-dwellers that there is no such thing as sound-proof walls.

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Who Have Nickel

Copyright, Brown Brothers

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN who owns the most expensive back yard in the world, comes from the country of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. When he was seventeen he went to Baltimore and got a job in a dry-goods store on two years later made his way to Wall Street and has ever since made his way up until he bought out the Equitable Life

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

"I COULD handle a saw. I knew how to drive a nail," modestly says F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad. Added to these fundamental accomplishments, he could serve a mule in a mining camp. And now he wants a thousand men to handle the saw and drive the nail for him—and because names are no good he can't find them.

NOT every man can be President, but pretty nearly every man can be mentioned for the Presidency in this year when the Republicans can't get Hughes and don't want Teddy. Albert Baird Cummins of Iowa would be willing to be pressed into the party might do worse. Once when he was just a plain carpenter he walked eleven miles at night, through deep mud, to get the measurements of a bridge, so that the mail might be finished a day earlier. There are two things in Iowa that stack up to his finish. One is Albert Baird Cummins and the other is corn mus

They Won't Have to Worry

Copyright, American Press Association.

WHY does this baby wear fur on his hat? In honor of his ancestor of old John Jacob Astor, who made a fortune in fur. The old man bought Eden Farm. It wasn't much of a farm—but it happened to lie in the heart of what afterward became New York City. Hence this youngster, whose father—a true Astor—went down on the *Titanic*, has a neat little fortune of $5,000,000. The rest of his father's money went to Vincent Astor, the son of the Colonel's first marriage.

Copyright, American Press Association.

SEE those teeth? Where did you ever see teeth like those before? Listen: Manufacturer of great wealth—famous combine—molly-coddle—muck-raker—Now you remember don't you? This is his grandson—same teeth, same punch. The lad's father married Miss Alexander of New York. Teddy II worked in a carpet factory after graduation from Harvard. Junior now has an office beside those malefactors of wealth that T. R. used to have such a lusty time denouncing.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Copyright, International News Service.

ONCE in a long time the fairy tales really come true—as witness this youngster. Six months ago he had nothing but a number; he was one of the pathetic little army of waifs in an orphan asylum. Sixty years from now, if he's good, he will have $100,000,000. Helen Gould received a third interest in her father's estate. She remained unmarried until she was forty, and then became Mrs. Finley J. Shepard. Good luck to you, Finley J., Jr.! We wonder if you'll be really happier with your hundred million than you would have been carrying a hod.

MANY other people have more money than the Vanderbilts, but the Vanderbilts got theirs first, so that you always think of Money and Vanderbilt together, just as you do of Castor and Oil—or was it Castor and Pollux? This youngster, Alfred G., Jr., will some day receive $40,000,000. The money came from old Commodore Vanderbilt, who said "the public be damned," and who treated his own sons as if they were just part of the general public. The boys can tell a demi-tasse from a café parfait much better than the old man could, but they haven't added much to the family fortune.

Photograph by W. Barden Sage.

WHAT'S this? Teddy and another grandchild? Twice on one page. Forgive us, gentle reader. We aren't the first newspaper that has got Teddy on a page twice in one issue. And the picture was so good we couldn't pass it up. The book in T. R.'s hand is a book of children's tales which he is using to keep Grace Green Roosevelt happy. From the book T. R. has carefully clipped out the stories of Jack the Giant-killer and David and Goliath. He knows I believe how two heroes ever did what is ascribed to them, anyway. How could they? They weren't prepared.

HERE'S a hundred-million dollar baby that somebody is always trying to kidnap. He is more carefully guarded than the President of the United States—and why not? One of his grandfathers is John R. McLean, who got rich publishing newspapers (yes, it sometimes happens even in his business), the other is Thomas F. Walsh, whose gold-mine in Colorado turns out more gold in a day than you or I could spend in a lifetime. The baby, Vinson Walsh McLean, leads a merry life. At one time his parents chartered a circus to give him a private performance.

Photograph by Phillips Studio.

Mr. Schuyler's School

By VERA EDMONDSON

Illustrations by Harvey Emrich

MacILVAINE had inserted an "ad" in the Sunday *Herald*

[illegible] Advertising Manager of [illegible] journals. A girl knew that he and a dime [illegible] copy and [illegible] honest [illegible] in search of the *Despondentonian*, Paid to Live in Meadow. Ask for Mr. MacIlvaine.

"Whew!" said Jimmy Whistler as eight-fifteen Monday morning. "And still they come!" He addressed Hester Varick at the typewriter desk. "Would you ever think there were so many ad men in all Greater New York? Ages, seventeen to seventy."

"There's one seventy, all right." Hester eyed up the crowd with vivid interest. "Wonder how long he'd stand the pace here. Not long, eh, Jimmy, take him a chair—quick, he's toppling!"

Jimmy did her bidding in haste, with the chair from his own desk. Just in time; the lean lank figure was indeed swaying.

"Here's a glass of water, sir," said Jimmy. "Mr. MacIlvaine doesn't get in until nine-thirty or so. Better sit down and take it easy."

"It is indeed pleasant to meet such courtesy at one's very entrance to the commercial arena," the old man observed. "You remind me of my own boy."

Jimmy grinned back pleasantly. He had never known the advantages of a father, having started life at the age of ten months in a market basket deposited presumably by some one, in a coal-bin. By dint of much persistence he had overturned the basket, and worked his way upward to an area where a passing milkman had heard his calls.

"Jimmy," observed that functionary, "He's some whistler." Hence his name.

Attaching himself to the *Despondentonian* at the age of seventeen, in response to a "Boy Wanted" sign Jimmy had characteristically stuck ever since, though adversity and contempt rose, reared, and waned. A nice convenient fellow to have around, was Jimmy. He had an agreeable habit of "eating up work," and seeming entirely contented with one- and two-dollar raises as befits a promoted office-boy. Now at the age of thirty-he was MacIlvaine's first assistant, quietly carrying the load of two, for the noble stipend of thirty dollars a week.

"We'll have to be getting you some help one of these days, Jimmy," Mac would tell him every little while.

"All right, sir," Jimmy would always grin back, never expecting it until this Sunday Mac had surprised him by actually inserting the ad.

"'It has gone on too long—this jealous and unmanly mutilation of my choicest literary efforts!'"

THE waiting line was standing four deep when MacIlvaine, strolling in at ten, refused to see any of them.

"Tell 'em to leave their names and samples of their stuff. I won't decide to-day. Unless you see somebody that strikes you, oh?" he questioned Jimmy.

"That old chap sitting down," said Jimmy. "His name is Henry Schuyler and he's been running the Schuyler School for Boys till hard times pinched on and the boys stopped coming. He's had a pretty fine education, writes classical English, he says."

"Classical English, oh? That's bad," said Mac. "Think you could cure him, Jimmy? Well, send him in."

Henry Schuyler came, a glow in his eyes that would have melted the Matterhorn—and Mac was the best-hearted fellow in the world.

"Now look here, Mr. Schuyler," he closed the interview, "I'd rather see you at home. We set a pretty stiff pace here. But if you'd like to try be out for three months, at fifteen a week, say. I can't very well make it more, starting in at your age."

Henry Schuyler winced slightly.

"That remuneration will be entirely satisfactory, sir."

"He'd have taken twelve," Mac later reflected. "All right. Ask Mr. Whistler there to clean out that corner desk for you. You're to help Whistler understand? He'll keep you straightened out. Don't bother me. At the end of a month I'll ask him how's so-so."

Mr. Schuyler glanced rather wistfully at this youthful arbiter of his destiny and from him to Hester Varick.

YOU know Hester Varick. Most offices contain her. Fashioned by every design of nature for love and a home she is calmly disregarding nature's decree, thwarting nature's design, year in and year out with apparently absorbed contentment in her humdrum stenographic job.

"What are the boys thinking of to let a girl like that stay single?" Mac would occasionally explode in disgust.

Miss Varick resided in Staten Island with her mother, arising at five-thirty each morning in order to reach the office by eight. Her crisp shirt waist was also made and embroidered herself, evenings, after the last supper dish was wiped, but his Jimmy did not know. It often observed that the looked expensive.

Hester was a sight to rest tired eyes and warm the heart at the close of a hard day, and she had a face of such tender untroubled beauty that old man Gordon Wayne of Wayne featherloom, had offered a double his edition for the use of it, in three colors, on the Featherloom spring catalog.

To his disappointment—and perhaps Hester's—Jimmy had refused emphatically. "Not on your life! I'll get you Pearl Dawson."

"He thinks I haven't style enough for it, and he's perfectly right. I haven't—and she has," Hester whispered tremulously to the suit-eyed mage in her glass, above the embroidered linen waist. If the image blurred, no one knew it.

With a few tactful twists Hester could rephrase the worst dictation into smooth flowing logic. It was an accomplishment worth many much money—all of thirteen-fifty a week in this her seventh year at the outer desk.

"Have your reply to Miss Varick, there. She'll set it up on the machine better than the printer man," Jimmy Whistler subsequently furnished the newcomer on his first entrance into the office.

HENRY SCHUYLER sat alone at his cleared-out desk, in the silent throes of composition. By noon he had resolutely trudged down the archæology of Wayne's Featherloom to the time of Rameses III. By twelve-thirty he began to feel a vague sense of nausea from the din and the throbbing overhead roar of the presses.

Once or twice he threw a pleading glance at Jimmy Whistler, turning out copy like a beaver, as MacIlvaine in his shirt-sleeves in the inner office, too busy to notice him for a month. At Miss Varick, serenely typing. Once he caught her eye. "Can I help you?" asked Hester.

"If you're quite sure you have the time," said Henry Schuyler, with boyish eagerness. "I have something here—my first commercial effort—on which I would greatly esteem your approval." He exuded modest pride. This opening bit of Macaulay—it struck me it worked in rather well. And the historical sequence—not a step omitted. If you have the time."

"Oh, yes, indeed," she assented brightly, but with a troubled glance at Jimmy.

"It seems to me that sounds awfully well—quite a lot of it, especially for an essay," she commended, with sweet hopelessness. "Some of those very same ideas worked over for an ad, the way Mr. Whistler can show you—"

Henry Schuyler at flensed.

"I should hardly have thought of commending him, my dear. His English would you consider it?" he lowered his tone—"quite—classical?"

"No, indeed, nothing like that," Hester dimpled. "But he's the best fashion-writer we ever had and he straightens. He'll help you all he possibly can."

But Henry Schuyler's face was still downcast.

"I will endeavor not to trouble him unduly," he responded stiffly.

In the days that followed little puckers of care began to appear on Jimmy's boyhead. Perhaps he missed the noon-hour periods the lunch-table formerly accorded him by Miss Varick once a week, on pay-day Fridays. She, too, was busy—far too busy these days for more than a cheese sandwich at noon. Then, there was the little matter of his fashion editorials, contributed gratis, because he alone in Advertising knew fashion.

"Look out for them this week, will you, Jimmy?" MacIlvaine had asked some six weeks back. "We'll charge them up to Editorial—five dollars a column."

"Oh, it's all right," Jimmy had responded cheerfully, any time it meant eight columns that night and he next on the rattly typewriter in his narrow hall bedroom.

It was working stiff. It had made such a hit with Editorial that Jimmy had been turning them out eight columns a week ever since. He was only just beginning to wonder exactly why he should be contributing that extra forty per to the department, with no sign of it in his own pay envelope.

While, to top it all, he had just become a sense of Henry Schuyler's growing antagonism to himself. Even Mac noticed it.

"What's the old galoot going round with his back up for?" Mac inquired. "What you doing to him, Jimmy?"

"Nothing I know of, sir," said Jimmy, "except chop his copy once in a while."

"Oh," said MacIlvaine. "If that's all. Don't know that I've ever seen any of his copy, have I, Jimmy?" he recalled suddenly. "Any of it round?"

"Last week's Featherloom was his," said Jimmy reluctantly, "that is—"

He waited in gulpy apprehension while Mac found the ad and read it, smiling.

"Well, all I can say is, he's caught your tricks pretty well in a month. How long's he been here, Jimmy? Unless you wrote the ad yourself." He chuckled with sudden enlightenment. "Honest Injun, Jimmy, haven't you been rehashin' his stuff for him straight along?"

"No, no; nothing like that," Jimmy protested. "I may have pulled it together, in a way, once in a while," he admitted—"up to this week, when we've been awfully pressed, and it seemed to come easier to knock off something myself that would answer. But he's been practising straight along, and when I get a chance to breathe—"

"NOW, look here, Jimmy," Mac brought down his fist with decision. "That's what the old galoot's here for—to give you a breathing chance. That's the idea. If he isn't doing it, that's his lookout. We'll just ship him this Saturday. See?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, sir," said Jimmy unhappily. "He's got a son working for his Ph.D., he's got to look out for—I understand."

"That's all right, the same, but I'm not saying he can't have a fling at that old game as they make out. Mine ads, I feel, but this isn't a charity bureau, Jimmy. You can get the stuff out of him if any one can. If it isn't in him, it isn't," he concluded philosophically. "You just break it to him, Jimmy. We don't need him after this Saturday. I see now it was all a mistake, your hiring him."

"My hiring him?" Jimmy protested.

"Well, you or Miss Varick, it's all one. Mac chuckled, tapping on his desk. "Tell him what I tell him. There's no salary coming after this week—y'understand? But if he likes to keep coming in still, using this desk, I've no objection to seeing him round. You fix it up with him, Jimmy. There he comes now. I can't stay gossiping here—time to play golf."

And Mac slipped out. Mac was no believer in a department head overworking. What was a staff for?

Jimmy braced himself for the onslaught. He dreaded for here was the [illegible] Henry Schuyler's ad.

If you were doing a thing a man who [illegible] Henry Schuyler [illegible] you [illegible] I

would be tempted to knock you down, sir. I can't knock down a boy."

"No I wouldn't do that, Mr. Schuyler," said Jimmy mildly.

"Then this persecution must stop, sir. It has gone on too long, this jealous and unmanly mutilation of my choicest literary efforts! Week after week" his voice broke—"I have tried to exercise the utmost forbearance. But patience knows a limit, sir. When I see what you have done to this advertisement and compare it with the original effort." He brandished a *Drygoodsman* still damp from the press. "If it were not for my daily bread—"

"Come, come, Mr. Schuyler," Jimmy soothed.

"Bread, sir! Until he gets his Ph.D. in another three months. If it were not for that, I would leave to-day."

"The fact is, Mr. Schuyler" began Jimmy,—"I am sorry to say it."

He broke off suddenly appalled.

For the old man's anger had broken and above its face like a pillow spread fear—the deadly haggard fear of one worked out and played out and desperately facing the wall, fiercely fencing for what? Tolerance at best, for a little time longer at most. After that, what? Fright loosed a bird-cry cluster of wrinkles at all. Jimmy shuddered.

"It's not so bad for a young man," Jimmy ground his teeth. "But for him at my"

"Mr. MacIlvaine asked me to tell you—" The fear in the old man's face grew livid. "To tell you—" Jimmy blurted on. "Hang it all, I can't do it! To tell you that Saturday half-closing ends this Saturday!" And Jimmy, very red of face, flung across the floor.

"Get Mac do it himself. I've had all the dirty jobs around this office handed on me long enough."

He sulked up to the cashier's cage.

"Here, Louis. Here's a little matter I want you to handle for me."

"Any thing you say, Jimmy," said Louis Swamp, the cashier, cordially.

There ensued a whispered conference. At the close of it

"For three months, you say, Jimmy."

"Yes, for three months, or up to Christmas, anyway," said Jimmy hopefully. "By that time that blooming son of his gets his Ph.D. And see here, Louis, Mac's not to know of course."

"Oh, he'll never know," said Louis. "Not from me, anyway. You're a good sort, Jimmy. How about the old codger himself? Is he to know it's from you?"

"Not on your life," said Jimmy.

THERE is in all the clerical ranks of fifty The most hide-bound crave out for a daily Wind of. They were he themselves he has ever known. When a man has been earning thirty dollars, to find fifteen in his pay-envelop makes him feel like crawling into an ant-hole. Jimmy grew gloomy and morose, and as parsimonious he grudged even the necessary nickels for carfare. He grew to count time by Friday pay-nights. Regularly every Thursday noon he would make a trip to the cashier's window.

"Say, Louis, you couldn't let me have a quarter, or say thirty-five cent advance on Sun——"

"All right, Jimmy. I'll make it fifty," Louis would reply. Or

"Cheer up, Jimmy. Here's seventy-five cent—and Christmas is coming."

"Hang Christmas," Jimmy would respond viciously. "Rottenest Christmas I ever knew! I feel like a pirate."

For virtue may have its rewards, but Jimmy could not find them. He had not asked Miss Varick to lunch for six weeks.

"No fellow has a right to marry on a penny less than fifty a week these days," he propounded often and emphatically in her presence, with a possible eye to how she might take it. That was the trouble—she never would take it. How could he expect it? When he couldn't even come up with a decent present the sort she was entitled to, even at Christmas.

"And here you've been with this cheap——th store yours," Jimmy began counting, "and can't even play the man yet!"

This developed a sense of grievance. He grew to loathe his narrow hall bedroom and threadbare clothes, and undarned socks and whole thankless, footless bachelor lot. He pitched Henry Schuyler's daily stack of copy viciously in to his waste-basket without so much as reading it. And he grew to fairly dislike MacIlvaine—even to hate him when Mac drew up his chair one gloomy penniless December afternoon and began to talk cordially about next year's prospects.

"I'll look out for you, Jimmy my boy," he promised—as he had promised for five successive Decembers. "No matter, Jimmy? You know you're so well off now."

"I've been working," Jimmy exploded.

"Keeps your nose pretty well to the grindstone, now the old chap ain't working for you."

"About the same," said Jimmy.

"Well, about next year." said Mac. "That reminds me if you've been toting as working good. Jimmy. There ought to be quite a little boost for you in that. How'd you like to keep it up, eh?"

"One thing's as good as another," said Jimmy murmurously.

"I'd keep it up," said Mac. "You never know what might happen. And now Jimmy my boy, here's a piece of advice. If you should find something big

"He left this card for you, Jimmy. That's all right, said Jimmy. "I have five dollars. Will you come out to dinner with me?"

in your Christmas stocking, don't go straight off and get married on it."

"What do you take me for?" Jimmy growled.

"Oh, well, we're all fools," MacIlvaine admitted, with philosophic calm. "Marriage is a house. Ain't I been in it twice? Don't I know? Better keep out, my boy. But, if you will marry," he enjoined, "always and take my advice keep clear of a business woman. That's no wife for you."

"That so?" said Jimmy coldly.

"Am I been it?" said Mac. "Time and again. I don't work. Jimmy. I've certain years first in an office like his and they're played out. Looks all gone."

Jimmy shot an involuntary glance of alarm toward Miss Varick's desk.

"No; what you need in a wife is a looker and a dresser, Jimmy. Some one like Pearl Dawson, say." Jimmy shuddered. "Now, there's a girl who could spend your money faster than you make it. That's what you need, Jimmy. What possible incentive can a man feel to work his head off for a wife who's perfectly pleased and satisfied to live within his income, and even salt down an old-age fund? It keeps a man down, I say, stifles his ambition, Jimmy. And what pride can he feel in her in a wife who in her style or ambition, like Miss Varick here, sitting up nights looking out her own shirt-waists."

"You don't mean she does that?"

"Sure," said Mac valiantly; "she told me so herself. I can see her in spectacles at forty. And rather a nice-looking girl I used to think her, before she lost all her color and got so thin. You've noticed how thin she's been getting lately."

"I—I did notice something of the sort," Jimmy admitted.

"Some trouble on her mind, man, trouble, of course," said MacIlvaine. "But don't you mind. You can do better—much better than that, a-plus.

And MacIlvaine ambled over to a seat at Miss Varick's elbow.

"Now about next year," he began cordially. "I'm going to look out for you. You're earning now how much—fourteen dollars?"

"Thirteen-fifty some days, sir," said the girl. "You got me the raise."

"Well, I must do even better for you than that," Mac assured her. "You're worth more. You're worth fourteen every penny of it. Maybe I can make it fourteen this January, if not, by next July, anyway. And fifteen next year. Then you'll be fixed for life. That's the thing for you—independence, your own latchkey, no man smoking around the place."

"Mac are—pretty messy," Hester Varick admitted dispassionately. "Still, not all of them smoke."

"Oh, pretty near all of them, I'm sorry to say," Mac went on valiantly. "Except such dead men as old Atterby here. He don't count."

Miss Varick's lips set in a sudden straight line, though she said nothing.

"I hope, whatever you do, you don't take a dead one," MacIlvaine admonished.

"I've no idea of a dead one," she flamed.

"Oh, well, that's all right, but this husband game is a pretty hard game for a girl," Mac resigned. "Even old Jimmy here—notice how gay he's got chasing out with Pearl Dawson every chance he gets."

"No, I hadn't noticed it," said Miss Varick steadily. But he shot told.

"Oh, it's all right, I say. She'll do him good—put a little pep and dash into old James. He needs it."

Miss Varick's eyes flashed indignation.

"If you have those Featherloom follow-ups ready to dictate, I can take them now," she observed with frigid calm.

Mac vaine chuckled with satisfaction. "That ought to bring 'em."

IT was four-thirty Christmas Eve that Jimmy, hurled up to the cashier's window wild-eyed and distraught.

"You could let me have five dollars over Christmas could you, Louis, so be great on it? Just ever—"

"I suppose I could," said Louis, "though I'm broke myself. What's he mischief, Jimmy? You look sick. Ain't that son got his Ph.D. yet?"

"That unspeakable son of his don't mention him to me!" said Jimmy with utter scorn. "He's had the effrontery to get married. That's what he's done the minute he got his Ph.D. I'd like to break his neck! The old chap's off at the wedding. Now we've three of them on our necks for life. You can kick me from here to Yonkers, Louis."

"Oh, I don't know. May be you've something else coming to you, a man. How's this?"

And Louis picked one from a stack of blue *Drygoodsman* envelops, eloquent with gratitude for services to come, and tossed it to him. Jimmy opened listlessly.

"The *Drygoodsman* takes pleasure in informing you that your salary after January first will be

"*Fifty dollars*," was filled out in MacIlvaine's bold, firm scrawl, and beneath "*Merry Christmas, Jimmy.*"

"Fifty dollars!" Jimmy nearly collapsed backward.

"I guess it's coming to you all right, Jimmy," said Louis. "Here's your five, Jimmy. Merry Christmas. Hold on, where you going?"

But Jimmy was already half way across to the desk where Hester Varick was getting out New Year's greetings to the trade. She looked up with a gesture of bright friendliness.

"Have you heard the latest from old Mr. Schuyler?" He's just been telling me. His subject is reopening. Yes, really. Some of his boys fathers have written they can't do without him. So he and his son and his new daughter are starting up to Schuylerville to-night for Christmas. The son's got his Ph.D. and is going to help him. He seemed so happy with it all, the dear old fellow. He left his card for you, Jimmy."

I was a sprig of holly bound by a ribbon with some writing on it. Jimmy took it.

At the season of good will to men I feel only kindness to you. When shall I send the wedding present? HENRY SCHUYLER

Jimmy thrust it in his pocket.

"That's all right now! I have five dollars." His voice shook slightly. "Will you come out to dinner with me?"

MacIlvaine was not a believer in night work for department heads. What was a staff for? But this particular Christmas Eve he forgot his golf-ing and, needing it for to-morrow's game, came back after dinner to get it. Entering his large inner office, he became aware of two figures standing in the gloom. Two, was it, or one? Two voices, anyway.

"No, no. I never dreamed of that. How could I?" Hester Varick's voice, transformed.

"And you thought I could see your dear face on the back of a Featherloom cover, never want you in for myself?" Jimmy Webster was pleading passionately.

MacIlvaine closed the door softly.

They Couldn't Stand Prosperity

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustrations by Jos— Gillespie

IF you want to put a
to the acid test to find out
what kind of stuff is
him, don't strip him of his
worldly goods and send him
out to carve a new place for
himself in the sweat of his
brow. No: men stand the
test too easily. There is still
left in mankind enough of the
fighting, pioneering spirit to be
whetted by adversity.

Pick out a man who has been
plugging along modestly for a
number of years, and suddenly,
and without rehearsal, splatter
him with prosperity. Suppose
he has been a twenty-dollar
clerk. Well, endow him

the million as to observe
what the million does to him. The cold,
clammy records of publicity would
to demonstrate that the number of
who can stand sudden prosperity
paral vely small. Whether it is the
of the easy-going chap who makes a big
national hit and becomes a hero, or a
little Wall Street curb
jigger who
walks into the market and makes a kill-
ing, or the son of a rich man who is

with—it is the same principle at work.
One by one, they fall: and the newspapers
yearly print the not
Shattered
to shirt-sleeves in one generation is the
usual sad story of the quickly enriched

He Ended in a Cell

THERE were two brothers, Spanish
Basques who ran a little dairy farm just
south of Buenos Aires, Argentina. One
of them bought a ticket in the big annual
Christmas drawing. As a matter of fact
the Argentine government used
the lottery every month in the year, but
this Christmas drawing was the big event
The *grande*, so called. In a country where
gambling is the very instinct of the people
and the lowliest hoeblock slaves through
the rest of the year to be able to take a
shot at the million-peso (about $900,000
gold) prize, the drawing of the grande
bigger event than a presidential election
One of the Basque brothers
whole ticket, which cost him something
like two hundred pesos. The other
brother impolitely told him he was a fool.
On Christmas afternoon the big winning
numbers were flashed over the Republic
the fool brother who had squandered
his hard earned cash learned that he held
the winning ticket. He had drawn the
full $900,000 in gold! About an hour
afterward the newly created financier was
seen riding horseback madly up the road,
driving a herd of cows ahead of him, shout-
ing maniacally and w h a popping re-
volver in each ha. Evidently he had a
glorious idea of expressing his final
contempt for the dairy business. The
being finally scattered or mired, he left
his horse with a broken leg and hired a
special train to get into the capital and
collect his winnings. Soon after his
rival in Buenos Aires, and even before he
could cash in on his ticket, he was in a
padded cell, where, at last accounts, he
still remains.

There is a bitter irony in the fact that
the "unlucky" brother, who
trol of the money, has man
fully as to multiply the original amount
times. He was of the type that could
stand prosperity, the winner was not

Year after year Wall Street turns out
its grist of "shoestring" successes. They
are elevator-boys who overhear "tips,"
errand-boys, scrubwomen, street-car con-
ductors, who go into the market with a
few dollars coined out of the
bone exertions and make "big money

of these and as the "boy
wonders" who pause for a moment on the
stage of newspaper publicity, and then
go down to oblivion without sensa
The answer is simple
couldn't stand prosperity,
acquired the quick money by any intelli-
g
ired the market that a
but finely broke
Or, if they did
actually emerge from the Street with their
a few months along the
sufficient to put them
look at their close
hey are still errand-
boys, elevator-men, and scrubw
There is the never-to-be-forgotten case
Sully, he of cotton fame
to nine millions of dol
overnight, was the
Street you were told, in confidence, that
this man was going to be the richest man

Sully went to Boston and interviewed
"Tom" Lawson. He had a plan for join-
Finance" and dominating
Lawson looked at
Sully coolly and said, "How much money
can you cash in for this minute?"

"But why cash in?"

"They'll get it all back if you don't quit."

"I've salted six millions where they'll
never touch it," was the reply
was the cool advice.
the priceless ad-
vice of a master and in a few weeks he

A M

R
differences was the case of
Gates, who in 19
announced that
giving away a million

Gates, the reckless speculator who
made and lost enormous fortunes
It might be said that the younger G
died, in October, 1913 of prosperi
tainly no life ever showed more plainly the
danger of putting the strain of manage-
ment of vast resources
neither physically nor mentally prepared

fortune that was far smaller than people
I a right to expect
Your Gates re
cash, and the income from several millions

ally, to travel fast
didn't make the kind of speed he wanted
If he was in Wyoming and wanted to

not only that but the
Somebody asked
at thousands of dollars
save a few minutes
chap believed
"When I start for a place I want to go
n another occasion
Without a hint of cheap wit, it may be

He died in Cody, Wyoming
prematurely old

He Wouldn't Quit

THE rise of F Augustus
ike the glow of a luminous rocket, and
me down like the ste
f the West was dominated in the fi
ns of every newspaper
reking luck and facility

dollar combination through the courts in
Arizona, and has so far won his
they were glad to settle with him to the
tune of $6,000,000 hat was the time
to quit, as Lawson told Sully to do

set out to conquer bigger worlds, the
pot of which was New York
Merca ile National Bank
sident and then
In that banking pan
clamored out almost to the last sec
his finish, as it usually is in such cases
Somehow, the nerve is
r after the big
rely do they ever get a second

It is so with a certain former broker

Time was when this
career was the pattern of
the fortune-hunters of Broadway
opened baskets
of wine—seemed, indeed, to have
a bottomless purse. But the day comes
eaters of the Street remember he
cess of extravagance, when the furniture-

movers took out of his palatial
office the mahogany and the
marble statuary and the ex-
pensive bric-a-brac. When the
place was emptied and the door
locked it ought to have caused
some thinking to those who be-
lieve in getting rich by the

There was a bartender on
Ann Street who, while he
washed glasses and chatted
familiarly with his clientele,
nved the idea that he
could make money faster by
nvesting in United States
Steel. He went in with ten
shares and pyramided stock-
and lots very bri
minute. It was only a few days
afterward that he dropped it all on his
favorite stock.

Jesse Livermore, who was all covered
with the spotlight during a Panic session
in which he actually ran away with the
chalking figures on a blackboard
started with nothing, had a chance to
quit with pretty nearly a million, and
with just what he started with. He
n't been heard of since
Joseph Leiter
gan to corner wheat
around dirty cents,

and then
poured on the market so fast
that he simply couldn't absorb it. Thus
from the millions that he was winner of on
paper, and would have been in reality if he
could have made his corner good, he came
from the pit absolutely "broke."

But of all the men who couldn't stand
prosperity, there has never been any
in the class with the famous John W
Steele, or "Coal-Oil Johnny." Compared
with that phenomenon of recklessness,
who flashed out of Pennsylvania just
after the big oil strikes of the '60's, the
rest of them seem positively cautious and
thrifty. Even "Butch" McDavitt, wh
with $2500 new-found money in his jeans,
lived the life of a millionaire for one day
and was penniless by 11 p. m., was a
mere flash in the pan beside the original
coal-oil person

Career of "Coal-Oil Johnny"

STEELE was he adopted son of the
Widow McClintock on whose h
farm the first oil-well had been bored.
The widow left a will, drawn some
before any one suspected the existence o
oil on the land, in favor of the outward
young man. And so, from having
been a barefooted youth in 1858, John
Steele in 1862, was in possession of
of coin that he couldn't count
and didn't care to.

"Coal-Oil Johnny" could hardly sign
his name legible. But he didn't feel t
need of signing his name. He carried
with him, on his bizarre travels, a
pocket whose clothes were always stuffed
with money. The prodigality in which
Johnny indulged is almost unbelievable
but it is amply supported by evidence.
He gave a negro minstrel a $5000 diamond
for singing a song that pleased him. He
would frequently hire a cab, purchase it
of the driver ride a block or two, and then
make the driver a present of it. Once he
bought a hotel and gave it to the clerk
who had joked with him.

It took Coal-Oil Johnny about
months to get to the end of his rope. O
they told him it was all over.
Somebody paid his fare back to Oil Cre
Pennsylvania, and he got a job as freight
handler at twenty-five dollars a m
But he was "so disgusted with oil-fields,"
he said, that it made him sick to look at
them, and he ended his career working on
a farm in the W

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Showing that Where There's a Will—

EARL HAINSWORTH'S trouble began when he was still a clerk in his father's woolen flannel store in Cleveland. The New York World once offered to give a high school diploma to anyone who could write the best story of 2,000 words about "My Ambition." Earl entered the contest, and although he did not win the diploma, he won a college education and a fortune.

To be sure, it might be fair to say that he had to give up his place in his father's store to get it. He had been working his way through high school as actively as possible, for with one high school diploma already to his credit, and full of self-confidence generally, he decided that a college education was the next thing he needed. When he graduated from high school there was no thought of going to college in his family. His father had died, and Earl was the only support his mother had. He had been working in the store for $7 a week, and he knew that if he left he would have to get a job at once. He left, however, and went to Austin, Ohio, with $7.50 in his pocket.

Food, of course, shelter, books! Where should he begin? Why, with The Christian Herald, of course. On page after page of special offers and announcements he found what he was looking for. Earl wrote to one publication after another, and in the end he got a position as a traveling salesman for a large wholesale grocery house. He was to receive a salary of $75 a month and expenses. Nothing to him that there was a string to the offer. He was a hard worker, and he had been doing odd jobs all his life. He was a hustler, and generally successful. So he went to work. Earl made his headquarters at Akron, Ohio, and for five years he traveled through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, selling groceries to the retail trade. He had been working for the wholesale grocery house for two years when he received notice that he was to be transferred to Chicago. He was to have a raise in salary, and he was to be given charge of a territory. But Earl had other plans. He had been thinking of the time when he would be ready to go to college, and he had decided that the time was now. He resigned his position, and, with $1,000 in his pocket, he started for Ann Arbor, Michigan, to enter the University of Michigan.

Earl had been working his way through high school, and he had been working his way through college. He had been working in the store, and he had been working in the wholesale grocery house. He had been working in the retail trade. He had been working in the wholesale grocery house. He had been working in the retail trade. He had been working in the wholesale grocery house. He had been working in the retail trade. He

The Wall Street Girl

Continued from page 6

sweered. "He's always getting ready to fire or advance you. And that's the point," she went on more earnestly. "What I don't understand is why the men who come in here aren't getting ready too. I don't see why they don't play the game. I might stay with the firm twenty years and I'd still be pounding a typewriter. But you—"

She raised her eyes to his. She saw that Don's had grown less dull, and her own warmed with this initial success.

"You used to play football, didn't you?" she asked.

"A little."

"Then you ought to know something about doing things hard; and you ought to know something about keeping in training."

"But look here, it means to me you take this mighty seriously."

"Farnsworth does," she corrected. "That's why he's getting ten thousand a year."

The figures recalled a vivid episode.

"Ten thousand a year," he repeated after her. "Is that what he draws?"

"That's what they say. Anyway, he's worth it."

"And you think I—I might make a job like that?"

"I'll bet I'd try for it if I were in your boots," she answered earnestly.

"I'll bet you'd land it if you were in my boots."

He raised his coffee-cup. "Here's to the ten thousand a year," he drank.

Miss Winthrop rose. She had talked more than she had intended, and was somewhat irritated at herself. If, for a second, she thought she had accomplished something, she did not think so now, as he too rose and smiled at her. He handed her the pasteboard box.

"Your two dollars is in there," he explained.

She looked perplexed.

"Shall I wait five minutes?"

"Yes," she answered, as he thrust the box into her hands.

That box worried her all the afternoon. Not having a chance to open it, she hid it beneath her desk, where it distracted her thoughts until evening. Of course she could not open it on the elevated, so it lay in her lap, still further to distract her thoughts on the way home. It seemed certain that a two-dollar bill could not occupy all that space.

She did not wait even to remove her hat before opening it in her room. She found a little envelop containing her two-dollar bill nestling in five dollars' worth of roses.

It was about as foolish a thing as she had ever known a man to do.

She placed the flowers on the table when she had her supper. All night long they filled the room with their fragrance.

WHEN, with some eighteen dollars in his pocket, Don on Sunday ordered Nora to prepare for him on that day and during the following week a breakfast of toast, eggs, and coffee, he felt very manly a man of affairs. He was paying for his own sustenance, and with the first money he had ever earned. He drew from his pocket a ten-dollar bill, a five-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, and some loose change.

"Pick out what you need," he ordered, as he held the money toward her.

"I don't know how much it will be, sir. I'll ask the cook, sir."

"Very well; ask the cook. About dinners—I think I'd better wait until I see how I'm coming out. Dinners don't matter so much anyway, because they come after I'm through work."

Don ate his breakfast in the dining-room before the open fire, as his father used to do. In smoking jacket and slippered feet, he enjoyed this as a rare luxury—even this matter of breakfasting at home, which until now had been merely a negative detail of routine.

When he had finished he drew his chair closer to the flames and lighted a cigarette. He had been cutting down on cigarettes. He had always bought them by the hundred; he was now buying them by the box. Until this week he never realized that they represented money. He was paying now twenty-five cents for a box of ten; and twenty-five cents, as he had learned in the restaurant in the alley, was a sum of money with tremendous possibilities. It would buy, for one thing, five egg sandwiches; and five egg sandwiches would keep a man from being uncomfortably hungry a good many hours.

Thus a quarter, from being merely an odd piece of loose change, took on a vital, tangible character of its own. Translated into smokes, it gave a smoke a new value. He had started in to make a box of cigarettes last a day; but he was now resolved to make them last two days. This allowed him one after each meal and two in the evening.

If at first he had considered this a hardship, he was beginning to appreciate the fact that it had its compensating advantages. This morning, for instance, he felt that he had never tasted such good tobacco in his life. Like his breakfast, it was a pleasure to be prolonged—to give his thought to. He smoked slowly and carefully and keenly. With his head against the back of his chair, he watched the white cloudlets curl upward after he had inhaled their fragrance. This was no dull habit indulged in automatically.

IN this moment of indulgence his thoughts turned to Miss Winthrop. It was nearing twelve, and perhaps this had something to do with it. He was going to miss that luncheon hour. He had come to look forward to it as quite the most interesting event of the day. From his comfortable position before the fire, he wondered why.

It was impossible to say she had any definite physical attractions, although her eyes were not bad. They piqued a man's curiosity, those eyes. One remembered them. That was true also of her mouth. Don had no very definite notion of its exact shape, but he remembered how it surprised one by changing from the tenderness of a young girl's mouth to the firmness of a man's a dozen times in the course of a few minutes' conversation.

It was quarter past twelve. If he had known her telephone number he would have called her up now, just to say "hello." He would be taking a chance, however; for, as likely as not, she would inquire what he was doing, and would, he felt sure, scold him for having so late a breakfast.

Odd, that a woman should be so energetic! He had always thought of them as quite the opposite. Leisurediness was a prerogative of the sex. He had always understood that it was a woman's right to pamper herself.

Undoubtedly she would object to his sitting on here before the open fire. Farnsworth would not waste a morning like this—he seemed to hear her telling him so. If he wanted that ten thousand a year, he ought to be working on those circulars. A man was not paid for what he didn't know. Here, with nothing else to do, was a good time to get after them. Well, he had gone so far as to bring them home with him.

He rose reluctantly, went upstairs to his room, and brought them down. He began on the electric company that was offering gold bonds at a price to net four and a half per cent. Then Nora came in to call him to the telephone.

"Who is it, Nora?"

"Miss Stuyvesant, sir."

"Oh, yes."

He hurried to the telephone.

"Good morning, Frances."

"Dad and mother have gone to church and it's very stupid here," she complained. "Can't you come over?"

He hesitated the fraction of a second.

"Oh, of course—if you don't want to—" she began quickly.

"It isn't that, Frances. Of course I

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want to come; only, there were some papers I brought home from the office—"

"Well?"

"I can go over them some other time. I'll be right up."

A DISCOVERY that encouraged Don the following week was that by some unconscious power of absorption he grew sufficiently familiar with the financial jargon of the office to feel that it really was within the possibilities that some day he might understand it fully. He found several opportunities to talk with Powers, and the latter, after recovering from his surprise at the primitive nature of some of Don's questions about notes and bonds, went to some trouble to answer them. Not only that, but he mentioned certain books that might supply fuller and more fundamental information.

"I know these sound like fool questions," Don apologized, "but I've never been down in this end of the town much."

"That's all right," replied Powers. "Come to me any time you're stuck."

After Powers went out, Don sat down and tried to recall some of the things he had been told. He remembered some of them and some of them he didn't. But that day at lunch Miss Winthrop handed him a stenographic report of the entire conversation. Don looked over it in amazement. It was in the form of question and answer.

Mr. Pendleton: Say, old man, what is a gold bond, anyway?

Mr. Powers: I beg your pardon?

And so on down to Don's final apology.

Mr. Pendleton: I know these sound like fool questions—

Mr. Powers: That's all right—

"Read it over in your spare time," advised Miss Winthrop; "then you won't ask him the same questions twice."

"But how in thunder did you get this?" he inquired.

"I wasn't busy just then, and took it down. I knew you'd forget half he told you."

"It was mighty good of you," he answered. "But I wish you had left out my talk. Now that I see it in type, it sounds even more foolish than I thought it was."

"I've seen a lot of things that didn't turn out well in type," she nodded. "But you needn't read that part of it. What Powers said was worth while. He knows what he's talking about, and that's why he's the best bond salesman in the house."

"What sort of a salary does he draw?"

"I don't know," she answered. "And if I were you I'd forget the salary end of my job for a while."

"It's a mighty important end," he declared.

"I don't see it," she returned frankly. "I suppose you're starting on twenty-five?"

"That's all," he admitted.

"It's all you're worth. Any one to support besides yourself?"

"No."

"Then what you worrying about?"

"But, good heavens, a man can't live on that—any length of time."

"Can't? I know men who support a wife and children on less."

"Eh?"

"And do it decently," she nodded. "I live on half of that myself."

"You?"

"Of course. Did you think I drew a salary like Farnsworth?"

She laughed at his open astonishment. It appeared genuine.

"You live on half of twenty-five dollars a week?" he repeated.

She did not care to pursue the subject. It was a bit too personal.

"And so do hundreds of thousands of others," she informed him. "On that and less than that. Now, you put that paper away in your pocket, and don't ask Powers another question until you know it by heart. Then get after him again. When you run across something you don't know, why don't you write it down?"

He took out his engagement-book on the spot and made an entry.

"I've written down that you say it's possible to live on twenty-five dollars a week," he informed her, as he replaced the book in his pocket.

"Don't be silly," she warned. "You'll better write down something about not worrying about your salary at all."

"I'll do that," he returned.

He took out his engagement-book again and scribbled a line.

"Miss Winthrop says not to worry about my salary."

"I didn't say it," she protested.

"There's your very words."

"I mean—" she grew really confused. "I mean—you needn't put it down that I said it. You ought to say it to yourself."

He shook his head.

"That's too deep for me."

"Then let's drop the subject," she answered curtly. "Only don't get the idea that it's I who am worrying about your salary, one way or the other."

"No need of getting peeved about it," he suggested.

"Not in the slightest," she agreed.

But she did not wait for her éclair, and went back to the office in anything but a good humor.

ON the whole, Miss Winthrop was rather disappointed in him as a result of this last interview—the more so because he had begun the day so well. Her hopes had risen high at the way he approached Powers, and at the seriousness with which he had listened to what Powers had to say. He had acted like a man eager to learn. Then he had spoiled it all by placing undue emphasis on the salary end.

This new development in Pendleton came as a surprise. It did not seem consistent with his nature as she read it in his eyes. It was not in character. It left her doubting her judgment about him along other lines. She did not object to his ambition. That was essential. He ought to work for Farnsworth's position—but for the position, not the salary. The position stood for power based upon ability. That was the sort of success she would be keen about if she were a man.

Curious, too, that Mr. Pendleton should be so keen about money in this one direction. She had thought his tendency all the other way, and had made a mental note that some time she must drive home to him a few facts about having a decent respect for money. A man who would return the loan of a two-dollar bill in five dollars' worth of roses was not the sort of man one expected to have a vaulting ambition for thousands for their own sake. One thing was sure—he was not the type of man who ought to occupy so much of her attention on a busy afternoon.

At a few minutes before five, just as Miss Winthrop was jabbing the last pin into her hat, a messenger boy hurried into the office with a parcel bearing a noticeable resemblance to a one-pound candy box. He inquired of Eddie for Miss Winthrop, and Eddie, with considerable ceremony, escorted the boy to the desk of that astonished young woman.

"Sign here," the boy ordered.

Miss Winthrop gave a swift glance around the office. Mr. Pendleton was at work at Powers' desk and didn't even look up. It was a remarkable exhibition of concentration on his part. Blake, however, swung around in his chair and raised his brows.

Miss Winthrop seized the pencil and wrote her name, dotting the "i" and crossing the "t" with vicious jabs. Then she picked up the box and hurried toward the door.

"From a devoted admirer?" inquired Blake, as she passed him.

Don saw the color spring to Miss Winthrop's cheeks, but she hurried on without a word in reply. He understood now what it was she did not like about Blake. Don was not at all of an aggressive nature, but at that moment he could have struck the man with the greatest satisfaction. It seemed the only adequate way of expressing himself. Blake was still smiling.

"Sort of caught her with the goods that time, eh?" observed Blake.

"I don't get you," answered Don.

"Candy by messenger? Well, I've been looking for it. And when those haughty ones do fall, believe me, they fall hard."

"Maybe," answered Don. "But I'll bet you five dollars to a quarter you're wrong about her."

Blake's eyes narrowed a trifle.

"I'll take you," he answered. "What's your proof?"

"I sent her that stuff myself."

"You? Holy smoke, that's going some!"

"I sent her that to pay for some typewriting she did for me and because I knew she wouldn't take any money."

"I lose. Come out and have a drink?"

"Thanks," answered Don. "I'm on my way uptown. Give that quarter to Eddie."

IF Miss Winthrop ever had more than a nodding acquaintance with Mr. Pendleton, she gave no indication of that fact when she came in the next morning. With a face as blank as a house closed for the season, she clicked away at her typewriter until noon, and then hurried out to lunch as if that were a purely business transaction also. Don followed a little sooner than usual. The little restaurant was not at all crowded to-day, but she was not there. He waited ten minutes, and as he waited the conviction grew that she did not intend to come.

Don went out and began an investigation. He visited five similar places in the course of the next fifteen minutes, and in the last one he found her. She was seated in a far corner, and she was huddled up as if trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. As he strode to her side with uplifted hat, she shrank away like a hunted thing finding itself trapped.

"What did you run away for?" he demanded.

"What did you hunt me up for?" she replied.

"Because I wanted to see you."

"And I came here because I did not want to see you."

"Now, look here—" he began.

"So I should think you'd go along and leave me alone," she interrupted.

"If I did that, then I'd never know what the trouble is all about," he explained.

"Well, what of it?"

"May I sit down?"

There was an empty chair next to her.

"I can't prevent you, but I've told you I want to be alone."

"When you look that way, you're just

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THE EDITOR.

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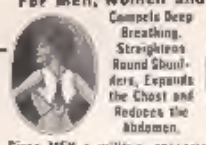

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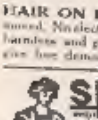

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as much alone as if I weren't here," he returned, as he took the chair. "And every one knows it."

She gave a swift glance about the room, as if expecting to find half the crowd looking at her.

"Maybe they are too polite to let on," he continued; "but I know just what they are saying to themselves. They are saying, 'She certainly hasn't much use for him. You'd think he'd take the tip and get out.'"

"You don't seem to care much, then, about what they say."

"I don't care a hang," he admitted.

She pushed her plate away as if ready to go.

"Wait a minute," he pleaded. "It doesn't seem like you to go off and leave a man in the dark. How in thunder am I going to know any better next time if you don't tell me where I made the break?"

"I don't believe you'd know if I did tell you," she answered more gently.

"The least you can do is to try."

She did not want to tell him. If he were sincere—and the longer she talked with him, the more convinced she was that this was the case—then she did not wish to disillusionize him.

"The least you can do is to give me a chance," he persisted.

"The mistake came in the beginning, Mr. Pendleton," she said, with an effort. "And it was all my fault. You—you seemed so different from a lot of men who come into the office that I—well, I wanted to see you get started straight. In the three years I've been there I've picked up a lot of facts that aren't much use to me because—because I'm just Miss Winthrop. So I thought I could pass them on."

"That was mighty white of you," he nodded.

The color flashed into her cheeks.

"I thought I could do that much without interfering in any other way with either of our lives."

"Well?"

"There were two or three things I didn't reckon with," she answered.

"What were they?" he demanded.

"Blake is one of them."

"Blake!" His face brightened with sudden understanding. "Then the trouble is all about that box of candy?"

"You shouldn't have sent it. You should have known better than to send it. You—had no right."

"But that was nothing. You were so darned good to me about the typewriting and it was all I could think of."

"So, you see," she concluded, "it won't do. It won't do at all."

"I don't see," he returned.

"Then it's because you didn't see the way Blake looked at me," she said.

"Yes, I saw," he answered. "I could have hit him for it. But I fixed that."

"You—fixed that?" she gasped.

"I certainly did. I told him I sent the box, and told him why."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Then they'll all know, and—what am I going to do? Oh, what am I going to do?"

It was a pitiful cry. He did not understand why it was so intense, because he did not see what she saw—the gossip increasing in maliciousness; the constant watching and nods and winks, until in the end it became intolerable either to her or to Farnsworth. Nor was that the possible end. To leave an office under these conditions was a serious matter—a matter so serious as to affect her whole future.

"Now, see here," he pleaded. "Don't take it so hard. You're making too much of it. Blake isn't going to talk any more. If he does—"

She raised her head.

"If he does, there isn't anything you can do about it."

"I'll bet there is."

"No—no—no. There isn't. I know! But you mustn't come here any more. And you mustn't talk to me any more. Then perhaps they'll forget."

He grew serious.

"It seems too bad if it's got to be that way," he answered.

"I ought to have known," she said.

"And I ought to have known, too. I was a fool to send that box into the office, but I wanted you to get it before you went home."

She raised her eyes to his a moment. Then a queer, tender expression softened her mouth.

"This is the end of it," she answered. "And now I'm glad you did not know any better."

She rose to go, and then she noticed that he had not finished.

"I'll wait here until you come back with your sandwich," she said.

"I don't want a sandwich," he protested.

"Please hurry."

So she waited there until he came back with his lunch, and then she held out her hand to him.

"To-morrow you go to the old place," she said, "and I'll come here."

To be continued next week

"Behind the Bolted Door?"

MORE than 1600 solutions to our mystery story, "Behind the Bolted Door?" were received. None of the letters foretold the solution of the mystery precisely, and therefore the reward could not be given to any one person.

Twenty-seven letters, however, did state some portion of the solution, and, rather than not award the prize at all, the judges decided that the fairest thing to do was to divide the prize among these twenty-seven contestants. Checks were mailed to each of these contestants in time for Christmas.

To all of the other 1600 readers who participated in the contest I send my thanks and best wishes. We shall have another mystery story before long, and perhaps another contest.

THE EDITOR.

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